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NOT AT HOME.

BY S. R. ENGLE.

When the pallid shades of Envy,
Hatred, Slander at the door,
Gather 'neath the sunlight pulling,
Chase the phantoms evermore!
When the trooping goblins come,
Be the answer, "not at home!"

When the shadows unsubstantial,
Doubt, with Fear, and black Despair,
Gather round Love's inmost places,
Chase the spectres with a prayer!
When the haunting evils come,
Thou for them art, "not at home!"

When Distrust with barbed arrows
Seeks thy truest hope to wound;
And upon thy path of duty
Leagued foemen gather round;
Armed of Justice, when they come,
Close the gateway! "Not at home!"

But when Love and Peace and Friendship
Gather at the inner door,
Open wide the sunbright portals,
Welcome angels evermore!
When sweet household Virtues come
Be thy heart and soul "at home!"

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Wrung from the Grave," "Husband to Which" etc.

CHAPTER V.—*[Continued.]*

The man in seeming unconsciousness of the traveler's attention, still leaned over the side of the boat and vigorously plied his oar, giving, as it appeared, but a monosyllabic word of direction to the equally mute steersman on the opposite side. He was clad in a course, shaggy coat, and large, loose trowsers. He had on a vest of untanned cow's hide, with the hair, of various colors, bristling below his dark, uncombed whiskers, that grew well nigh to his waist, and almost entirely hid a soiled red silk handkerchief that had been loosely tied about his *gottred* throat. His face was tanned to unnatural darkness by constant exposure to wind and sun, and long and severe muscular exertion had caused the veins in his brawny half-bare arms and hands to protrude like whip cords.

Presently Castleton Vane came back again in his restless walk. "Did I not see you on the wharf at Aubrey, talking with one Ned Scott, about an hour before we started this morning?" he asked again.

"I don't know whether you did or not," replied the man, gruffly.

"Well, did you talk with any such person?"

"Yes."

"Have you known him long?"

"How long?"

"The devil, man! A year, six months, two years; any time before to-day or yesterday."

"Yes."

"He was our traveling companion for several weeks."

"Aye!"

"I was surprised to find him tarrying in Aubrey so long," said Castleton, with a preoccupied air. "He had taken leave of us down the river, affirming that he must hurry on, and yet he has only left Aubrey an hour ahead of us."

"Yes. A man may be delayed—may change his mind in various ways, may he not?"

"I know of no law, save those which constitute firmness of character to forbid. I only wanted to ask if he were well known in this section?"

"Possibly so, sir," answered the boatman.

"It has struck me in the last few moments that there was something familiar in his face—something antedating our personal acquaintance that I cannot exactly locate," said Vane, half musingly.

"Did you ever know two people to meet, sir, that one did not remind the other of somebody he had met before?"

"Rarely, I believe," answered Castleton, with a smile. "And yet a suspicion has come into my mind—but no, I will not speak of that. I am growing as whimsical as any woman. Do you know whether this Ned Scott will tarry at Mohave?"

"I do not know—I think not," said the man in some confusion. "Are you anxious to meet him again?"

"By Heavens! no!" replied Castleton unguardedly. "His sinister face haunts me like a nightmare. And yet I *should* like to meet him once more."

"You may have that pleasure yet, who knows?" said the man, while a flash of light broke for an instant from his dark eyes, though the single scintillation was gone again in a moment.

"My good fellow, you are several centuries behind your time," said young Vane, eyeing him curiously. "Had you been born in the middle ages you would have made an admirable Guy Fawkes."

"And who may that be, sir?"

"Ah!" said Vane, with a start. "Forgive me. I have fallen into quite a habit of talking aloud. Will you tell me your name, as we have some distance yet to go, and it is unpleasant addressing one simply as 'you?'"

"Which would you prefer? Like some others of my friends I am known by half a dozen—more or less," asked the man composedly.

"Well, we'll take the one under which you are passing at present, on this voyage, per example."

"Tom Sharpe."

"Well, Mr. Sharp, your name is hardly appropriate, that is if you are as blunt to others as you seem to me," muttered Castleton, turning away.

"I'm thinking you'll have to look rather close, my spruce young dandy, or we'll prove too sharp for you," muttered the fellow, looking after him with a vindictive scowl upon his dark face. "Pull away there, boys," he cried aloud. "We must make good distance to-night! There is no time to spare," and in obedience to his command the boat moved on over the turgid waters of the Colorado.

SCENE AT A CHURCH DOOR IN MADRID.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROPOSAL.

The stars looked placidly down from their abode in the Heavens upon our anxious travelers as they still pursued their way, lighting up the waters and the picturesque shores with an almost magical beauty, defining grotesque figures as of living things amongst the trees and shrubbery on the banks, from which, however, no sound but the hoot of some night bird, or the growl of a wild animal of the forests came.

Tom Sharpe and his companion had relapsed into their habitual sullen silence, and Castleton Vane was left to his own introspections or else to gaze in silence upon the weird, shifting panorama about him. for Harry Yeates, the good-natured, ignorant fellow, who had accompanied them, was attending to his sick wife in another part of the boat, while the stranger, Lacy, his wife and sister, were seated up on a bench beyond him, conversing in a low tone about their own family matters. In this manner Castleton had been whiling an air familiar to his native hills, for half an hour or more, when the cabin door was opened cautiously and Mrs. Grimshaw looked out. The young man moved forwards her.

"Is Miss Dare still indisposed? Do you wish anything?"

"Her head is better she says, but she seems so sad, sir, that I really hesitate in rending to look at her. I think it would do her good to come out here in the fresh air awhile and look around at the beautiful scenery."

"Thoughtful Mrs. Grimshaw!" he exclaimed, with a bow and smile. "That is just what I would have suggested. Present my compliments and say that I entreat her to join me here awhile. Her rest will be so much more refreshing if she will lose sight of her den for a little."

Mrs. Grimshaw again retreated, well pleased to execute his commission, and a few moments later Iola came forth with a white worsted scarf thrown about her head and shoulders, and an expression of sadness upon her lovely face which she in vain endeavored to dispel, and which rent her lover's bosom with the keenest anxiety.

"Come," he said, drawing her arm through his, "and look out on as lovely a night as traveler in the tropics ever witnessed. No painter could do justice to this scene. And it impresses me with fenfold beauty now that I have you at my side."

"Hush, flatterer," said Iola, with a faint smile, glancing strangely enough again to where Tom Sharpe sat like a grim statue in his seat, "I have been thinking all day how bitterly you must rue your undertaking—how much more bitterly you may still be destined to rue it.

"Ah! if anything should happen. I could never, never forgive myself, though I lived to the age of Methuselah."

"I pray you spare yourself all anxiety on my account, at least," said Castleton, pressing her hand impetuously. "I assure you if I could only see you as cheerful as when I first beheld you, I would ask no greater bliss of Heaven than that which I now enjoy—unless it were the assurance that I am never to be separated from you again."

"Hush! in Heaven's name! Oh, if you only knew, you would spare me!"

"Knew what?" he exclaimed, sorrowfully. "how thoroughly you despise me? Ah! Miss Dare, it requires no especial penetration to see that. It is quite evident to every one."

"You misunderstand me—cruelly misunderstand me," she faltered. "I—I—there are other reasons why I may not listen to you."

"There can be no reason except that you do not wish to hear me," he replied. "What other reason could there be for your refusing to listen to an honest man who loves you?"

"Cease!" she cried. "Do not. I implore you, mention the subject of love to me. It is a forbidden topic. You do not—you must not love me," she went on incoherently. "It would blight your life and mine. you do not know who I am, or what I am. My life has been and must still be isolated and peculiar. Mine is a sinking, lost race. Never think to pursue me—never think to be so mad as to unite your fortunes with mine. Rather thank Heaven that with a journey of one more day your charge of me will end. You cannot be too far separated from me for your own good."

She had spoken in a low, half-frightened tone, yet with earnest, passionate persuasion in her voice, as though carried on by some pure impulse, in spite of herself, to warn him of some impending danger ere it might be forever too late, and when she had ceased the wan whiteness of her face, and the visible agitation of her whole frame held him for a moment in silence.

"In what strange, enigmatical language do you speak?" he exclaimed at last. "You talk as one might have done in the days of old, who had been excommunicated—like some recreant fugitive from justice—you whose life has been as inscribed as the stone that will soon cap the heights of yonder mountains."

"Though sinless ourselves, do we not often suffer for the transgressions of another the iniquities of the fathers upon the children?" she murmured hastily. "Oh, what matters it—since we must part."

"Never," exclaimed Vane passionately, seizing her hand. "What have you to do with the sins of others? I should love you all the more for your innate purity and goodness. No, no! Iola. I believe that heaven has ordained us for each other, and unless you assure me that you can never love me, I shall never leave you until you have promised to become my wife."

"Never! Oh, that can never be," she exclaimed bitterly. "Why will you compel me to make me more miserable than circumstances have already rendered me? Think of me as you will—that I am unworthy, guilty, anything, but from this hour forth I put a seal upon your lips. I command you to silence, as I repeat that we must speedily part—and part forever."

"And suppose I refuse to obey your commands unless you assure me that you can never love me."

"Then let me make that assurance here and now," said Iola in a choking voice. "I cannot—cannot love you."

Even in the moonlight she could see how this assertion moved him, and that he was turning away white with unutterable anguish that it broke her heart to look upon. She had withstood his entreaties, but she could not endure his sorrow, and her heart went out timidly to his arm with a touch that thrilled him through and through.

"One moment, Castleton."

For one moment he turned his large eloquent eyes upon her.

"What need is there for any further speech?" he asked mournfully. "I shall obey your decree of silence—henceforth I am dumb."

"Not until you hear me," she cried desperately. "I said that I could not love you a while since. Will it be any comfort to you for me to change the phraseology and declare the truth—that I must not?"

"How is that possible?" said Castleton, detaining her.

"In heaven's name do not treat me thus! Let me understand you. You speak as though you were bound to another."

"I am."

"What law under heaven can bind you? A woman is always at liberty to change her mind until she is actually married."

"Then, perhaps, you do not know, but to—to—I dare not tell you," and hastily drawing her hand by main force from his own, she darted past him and through the door of the little cabin, closing it instantly behind her, nor was he again seen that night.

Our hero, in the meantime, gazed astonished at the door which she disappeared in startled amazement.

What can be the meaning of her singular conduct?" he muttered. Retracting the assertion that she could not love me, and yet affirming that she must not. What pledge can bind her? To whom is it possible for her to be plighted so solemnly? Let it be what or to whom it will, I shall follow her up unless in the meantime she can assure me of her absolute and unconditional renunciation to me. I shall find out who she commands me to silence and will remove some every obstruction in the end, or my name is not Castleton Vane."

CHAPTER VII.

AN EXPLANATION.

Castleton Vane had remained wakeful and observant of all things about him until long after midnight, pondering upon Iola's singular language and conduct, and running back over all the circumstances of her fate with which he was acquainted to see if he could discover any rational solution of the enigma.

Worn out with vain speculations, he was at last compelled to give the matter up in despair, and sat dejectedly leaning his chin upon his hand, looking first out at the dark waters or yet darker shores, and anon at the silent caravans who sat like so many mutes, diligently bent upon the faithful discharge of their special avocation.

Possessed of a vigorous constitution and an active, restless mind, Castleton Vane found the silence, which he was sometimes necessarily compelled to maintain, irksome in the extreme, and he now welcomed with delight the advent of Mr. Redd Lacy who had left his wife to enjoy a smoke in the open air, and came up to where he sat.

"You don't often see a prettier country nor this by sun or moonlight," he said looking down.

"No," replied Vane. "There are beauties here that might well repay poet or painter for the hardships of a journey like this. But to you I presume they are quite familiar."

"Bless you, yes. I know every landing down here. I used to live in these parts, and I only wish I did again. I've been through three times to St. Thomas, because my trade compels me to; and down here you can look till you get tired, or sleep, as the humor seizes you, in perfect security. But after you pass Hardyville you begin to feel a little queer.

"I regret it on account of the ladies," said Castleton, "but there is often a pleasure to the masculine spirit in 'roughing it' which no Bohemian life could afford."

"But there is such as being too rough," replied his traveling companion. "Or if an Indian tomahawk be smooth, it is by no means pleasant to the traveler in quest of the most stirring adventures."

"I should imagine not," answered Castleton with a smile. "But such disagreeable surprises belong, I hope, exclusively to the past."

"A very recent past then," returned Lacy. "Only last week the report of a shocking murder of two wealthy citizens on their return home came to us below."

"Along the line?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"It was supposed by the Indians, though the whole coast here is infested by a number of outlaws."

"Has no effort been made to suppress them?" asked Vane anxiously.

"None as yet by the Government," replied the man gloomily. "For every affair until the last was involved in so much mystery as to render it next to impossible to arrive at the bottom of it. And on an uncertainty every one is afraid to invoke the investigation of any civil or armed authorities for fear he may lose his own life before he could give in his testimony."

"An such a thing be possible?" exclaimed Castleton wonderingly, "and still the world at large be kept in such profound ignorance of it. I had imagined the scattered whites and Indians here living in the most amicable relations with each other."

"And so might others who know nothing whatever of the circumstances," answered Lacy. "And yet I can tell you truthfully that when once Hardyville is passed, no man's life is safe along the line."

"And still you have ladies with you?"

"As others may have, perhaps. I could not help myself. They prefer, woman like to run every risk to which the man whom they love might be subjected, though in reality they would not be a great deal safer alone at home than with me."

"This must teach mothers and wives a heroism as unflinching as that of the Spartans," said Castleton. "But do you really believe the Indians to be at fault, or is it the lawless and cutthroat whites who are again making a catspaw of the savage?"

"That is hard to tell. I am inclined to believe as you suggest, though that the whites have a great deal to do with it."

"I might then have some adventures worth the name to relate, if ever I get back amongst my own people," said Castleton Vane, in a half musing tone. "If any such adventures as those of which we have been speaking should befall you, you need not count on getting back," said Lacy. "They seldom risk such things except for malice or heavy robbery, and then they are apt to remember the old proverbial that 'dead men tell no tales.'"

Here was other not very pleasant food for every, and it was long after Castleton Vane had drawn his Mexican blanket about him, and shut out the view of the dancing heavens and earth, ere he could begin to compose himself to sleep. Every hour it seemed was establishing him more and more the special guardian and keeper of the woman he loved. The thought of new dangers to be encountered for her sake only drew his heart the more resolutely towards her, and he resolved that, come what may of change or fortune he would never give over the hope of attaining her until assured by every evidence that such triumph would be beyond even the range of possibility.

His mind was also busy forming plans for the protection of himself and party on the remainder of the journey, which he was beginning to see would be fraught more or less with peril. Beautiful must soon be completed, unless something of a very extraordinary nature should interfere to prevent. He would carry long enough at Hardyville to secure a fresh supply of ammunition to see his own had been in any manner damaged by the long sea voyage, and to see that as many pistols as he and Yates could readily hide about their persons were in order for immediate use, should anything in reality occur to require them; and further more to make such disposition of the papers he held referring to Iola's possessions as would, if possible, en-

sure their safe keeping. Finally, however, worn out by fatigue, he fell into a profound slumber, from which he at last awoke with a violent start, fancying that he had been aroused by a savage war whoop.

The sun was up in the heavens, and the boat had moored alongside the wharf at Hardpiffle.

There was considerable buzzing on the shore, and every one on board the boat was hurriedly making preparations to debark.

Castleton Vane likewise sprang to his feet and hurried forward with celerity. Iola had already made her appearance, and was standing near the prow of the boat, from which a plank had been extended over an abutment, to take persons ashore.

Two men were at the other end of the plank, conversing in a low tone. One of them was the genteel captain of the boat, Tom Sharpe. The back of his companion was turned at the moment towards Castleton, but something in the cut of the figure, with a certain half stoop in the shoulders, struck him in an instant with an unpleasant, nameless sense of familiarity. As he came forward eager to obtain a view of the individual's face, the man moved hurriedly away without looking round, and in another moment was lost in the crowd.

At the same instant, Tom Sharp ran quickly down the plank and opened an door to Iola as to brush rather violently against her. In doing so he had hurriedly dropped a bit of folded paper into her hands.

"Look you," said Castleton, with ill-suppressed indignation, letting his hand fall threateningly on the boatman's arm. "It strikes me, friend, if you have not better eyes, that you should wear glasses. A little greater impetus and you might have thrown that young lady into the river."

"That young lady has been raised among us, and she has learned better use of her feet than you would imagine, if they are small," said the man, with a coarse laugh that did not tend to allay Castleton's anger. "But I can beg her pardon. I had no intention of treating her with disrespect. A chance could not get down there without running."

The young man, still provoked, seemed about to return an angry retort, when Iola quickly held out her hand to him.

"Come," she cried, "I was never so tired of any place on earth as I am of this boat. Aid me as quick as possible to set foot upon dry land once more. See, every one has gone ashore."

"Where is Mrs. Grimshaw ?"

"She has gone aft for a miniature Noah's ark, familiarly yclept a basket," she replied with nervous gayety. "So let us see how actively you can climb up and give me your hand."

Thus solicited, young Vane climbed ashore with more difficulty than he had anticipated, and drew her after him. Then Mrs. Grimshaw followed more slowly, still clinging to the inevitable basket, and the trio moved off down the rough, unpaved street, while Harry Vane and his wife and the rest of the party brought up the rear.

"If the hotels are on a par with the other accommodations that have been afforded us we cannot pray for a too speedy deliverance," said Castleton to his fair companion, with a laugh that seemed to her far less at ease than usual. "But in any event, our journeyings will soon be at an end."

"Heaven grant it!" she responded so fervently that he was looking up in fresh uneasiness when she added "But you may believe, I am sure, with renewed earnestness to your petition for deliverance, for one of those boats hauled on shore would be a fair specimen of the hotels hereabouts, unless they have changed materially since I last saw them."

"Then there will be but little inducement to delay our journey, with the thought of resting here."

"Oh, none," she exclaimed eagerly. "There can be no rest for me this side of my dear old home at Callville, so if it is my pleasure you would consult, we will proceed on our way as speedily as possible."

"My life henceforth shall be devoted to the promotion of your happiness in whatever way you may seriously command me," he answered, gazing fervently down into her pretty blushing face.

"I shall soon then give them to you in detail," she replied seriously, "and in the meantime we will, if you please, pursue our way."

"And when I have seen you as comfortably housed as the circumstances will permit, I must return to secure transportation up the river. And do you remember just before I joined you, when we came ashore, seeing that disagreeable fellow, Sharpe, standing on the bank talking to some one who moved off just as the former ran down the plank and stumbled so rudely against you."

"Yes."

"May I inquire if you knew who it was? It struck me that there was something familiar to me in the appearance of the individual—that I have seen him somewhere before."

"Could any other man look like that?" she replied with a shudder. "How is it that you failed to recognize our traveling companion, Ned Scott."

"Ah," answered Castleton, with a start of surprise, "was it he?"

"Yes."

"Then I wonder that I did not recognize him; but his back was turned towards me, and I had quite lost his identity. And in the meantime here we are."

The half inn, half boudery, which our travelers had approached was indeed as uninviting as any place could well be to which one would willingly resort in quest of repose. There were low, irregular new plank walls, with rough unpolished floors, and a general barrenness of furniture that was comfortless in the extreme.

Iola Dare, accustomed to all the refining influences of her uncle's retired though elegant home, now sat looking drearily out through the windows of her apartment—it was a sliding wood panel that had been drawn aside—with an anguished heartsickness that it would be impossible to describe. A slatternly girl, with hands that looked as if they might be covered with the scales of a fish, came in and deposited a broken jug of water beside a battered tin basin upon a rough pine shelf, and Iola was left alone. Mrs. Grimshaw having gone in to get a warming by the kitchen fire, and attend to the making of some hot coffee. In the meantime the girl had buried her face in her hands, while the tears began to trickle through her taper fingers.

"I believe I am the most miserable human being on the face of the whole earth!" she presently exclaimed, starting up. "I feel as though I were secretly betraying him with the rest, and leading him on to his ruin. I —I am sure, when it is too late, that he loves me with loyal tenderness and faith—a love of which I have been dreaming all my life—and that he has made me scorn all other counterfeits of it with absolute horror —a love that I might return except for the monstrous barrier that has been thrown up between us by the wicked devices of, I verily believe, the most merciless set of villains in existence. Ah! if I dared confide in him, if I could now only warn him that he might save himself, I could endure even the worst ills with which they threaten me. But he would not leave me to my fate. And I should only accelerate his doom. Why did they not leave me to die in peace at "Swallow's Nest?" indeed, the "happy valley" to me? But William Whitfield is so remorseless in the rest, and would sacrifice me, as he has done every interest of his life, for hatred. What new counterplot has he laid on me with this scrap of paper, I wonder? I am eager to learn and yet I tremble to do so; for it seems to me their devices are the ingenuity of the Evil One himself, to see how they can torture me. What do they mean to do with him? Is it only to rob him of his papers and thus secure the half-felon party? Oh, if that were all, how willingly would I resign it. They would not hesitate to take his life, if their interests required it. I must—I will obtain the secret of this hand of desperate men. And your fate began so it must end, amongst us, and your power over amazing consciousness of right forbid you to feel an interest where it is not lawful for you to do so. You will understand me."

I must speak with you and alone. Take care to have the jealous fool who keeps such a guard over you out of the way. I will be in my room a short distance from your door in four o'clock this afternoon. Say that you are going out for a walk and do not wish any one to accompany you. Take one square down the street, straight before you, then one to the left, and then down to the river. We will go down by the river's side, where I can talk with you without interruption. I command you to be punctual, and you will hardly dare disobey me. Till then amuse yourself as you will.

Your guardian No 1.

YOU KNOW WHO.

"Amuse myself as I will," repeated Iola, bitterly. "As the cat permits the mouse to escape a moment from his paws, that he may the better show his absolute power in catching it again. What am I do? How shall I escape the vigilance of Mrs. Grimshaw or the tender watchfulness of Castleton Vane? Heaven bless him. I know now that I love him madly, and yet I am to lead him to destruction.

She got up in sheer weariness, and throwing herself upon the hard bed was soon fast asleep, despite the anxieties that were well nigh crushing her heart. Ah! how thankful we should be for the great blessing of sleep, without which our frequent burdens of sorrow would crush us speedily to the earth without power to rise again in this life.

Iola awoke at last, strengthened and refreshed, to find Mrs. Grimshaw sitting in the seat near the window, which she had occupied herself when first left alone in the room; and glancing with evident impatience towards the bed as she turned over with a sigh.

"Hey-day! Are you awake at last?" cried the old lady, joyfully. "I have been sitting here watching you for the last two hours, thinking you must surely stir after a little; yet you have been as still as the bedpost until this blessed moment. And it is a lucky thing; for the coffee has all boiled away until it is as strong as *pizen*, and if you drink it now you'll not be likely to sleep very much to-night."

"Yet the coffee has done me more good than all the other stimulants in the world," said Iola, rising. "You may, however, give me a cup of your favorite beverage now, as I feel quite refreshed from a long fast."

"And no wonder," replied her companion, with her accustomed volubility. "You have been asleep for four mortal hours, and Mr. Vane has been walking and whistling impatiently below, waiting to speak with you."

"Then why did you not wake me?"

"Oh, he said I was not to disturb you on any consideration, but was to let you sleep as long as you would. I saw him walk off nearly an hour ago, however, and he has not yet returned."

Iola looked at her watch and was amazed to find that it was already three o'clock. After the primitive custom of these settlers the general dinner had been served an hour ago; but through the kindness of her fellow travelers she found that an ample supply of the homely but substantial fare had been reserved for her, and she ate with a keener relish than she had felt for many days, despite the painfully embarrassing thought that she had now to escape from two companions, and that perhaps through some deceptive means. And going out alone in an utterly strange place, hold a clandestine interview with a man whom her youthful but legal guardian had evidently held in almost as great destation as she had done. How was she to compass it? These thoughts were perplexing her all the while she sat sipping her coffee, filling her with especial alarm, lest, through the jealous vigilance of Castleton Vane, some unfortunate contretemps should at once result from their mutual collision with a stranger, and above all when that stranger was of the opposite sex.

In the meantime we will return for a brief space to young Vane, who had been walking restlessly about among the boat men down to the river, endeavoring to secure the services of a sailboat for the next day. But this he at length found to be impossible. The water was lower than it had ever been known to be before at this season, and all the boats with the larger boats had been suspended, and he found himself at last constrained to resort to a conveyance that was scarcely available, save than a roughly constructed skiff; nor could he induce the owner of this, for love or money, to consent to start on the perilous journey before Thursday morning at least. Then, if the water kept along the line, the Captain reported, were in an unsettled state just now; and these with the desperate whites who had conspired with the Indians to drive the more of the land-into travelers; and on one occasion even to seize and destroy a boat and carry off all its passengers prisoners, while no one could tell what had become of them. He had not much fancy for going at all; and they would have to arm themselves and be especially on their guard.

It was not then with the most comfortable feelings that Castleton Vane turned back towards the little old tavern, to endeavor to make the most comfortable arrangements possible for their detention there; and to strive in the meantime if he could unravel the mystery of Iola's unnatural alarm and prohibition whenever he had attempted to bring up the more friendly interest with which she had inspired him.

Making his way rather rapidly, as was his usual custom, even when there was nothing to induce haste, he was mentally contrasting the rough-clad denizens about him with the swells of fashionable cities, upon whom he had been accustomed to look, when an individual, a square or more in advance of him, suddenly attracted his attention in rather a startling manner.

"That same man again!" he muttered, hurriedly quickening his pace. "What is it? What can it be? It has been returning to me all day. It strikes me that Tom Sharpe must have been well, yet such a fellow as this in his mind when he described one of his characters, lounging down the street, and declared that he could read moral in the very cut of his back." I am sure that is not the man Ned Scott, as that villain Sharpe would have had me believe. At any rate I shall ascertain for myself this gentleman."

Pressing forward as quickly as he could Castleton Vane gained rapidly upon the man who had not yet perceived that he was being watched, and quickening his pace or diminishing the distance between them, until he was almost at his elbow. In an instant he had entered and closed the door behind him; but the former had seen enough to recognize, to his utter astonishment, Miles Gay, the man whom until that moment he had supposed he had left, for an indefinite period, several thousand miles behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

BY O. H. KAY.

Tom Weston was one of the large class known as married bachelors, that is he had carried into the connubial state the tastes and habits of single life. His wife was a most excellent and prudent lady, and her house had always about it that air of neatness and quiet so enticing to those of a studious or domestic turn of mind. Mrs. Weston, too, was a beauty, and the graces of her mind and disposition were fully equal to the attractions of her face and person. Still, however, she had not been able to wean her husband from the enjoyments and fascinations of the gay world.

At the time we write of, Tom Weston and his wife had been married but four years, yet enough had been developed in that brief space to send a slight shadow over Caroline Weston's hitherto unruffled countenance, and to make her occasionally regret the placid days of maidenhood. One child only, a little daughter, had been granted to this union, and in her Mrs. Weston centered, despite the anxieties that were well nigh crushing her heart. Ah! how thankful we should be for the great blessing of sleep, without which our frequent burdens of sorrow would crush us speedily to the earth without power to rise again in this life.

Iola awoke at last, strengthened and refreshed, to find Mrs. Grimshaw sitting in the seat near the window, which she had occupied herself when first left alone in the room; and glancing with evident impatience towards the bed as she turned over with a sigh.

"Hey-day! Are you awake at last?" cried the old lady, joyfully. "I have been sitting here watching you for the last two hours, thinking you must surely stir after a little; yet you have been as still as the bedpost until this blessed moment. And it is a lucky thing; for the coffee has all boiled away until it is as strong as *pizen*, and if you drink it now you'll not be likely to sleep very much to-night."

"Yet the coffee has done me more good than all the other stimulants in the world," said Iola, rising. "You may, however, give me a cup of your favorite beverage now, as I feel quite refreshed from a long fast."

"And no wonder," replied her companion, with her accustomed volubility. "You have been asleep for four mortal hours, and Mr. Vane has been walking and whistling impatiently below, waiting to speak with you."

"Then why did you not wake me?"

"Oh, he said I was not to disturb you on any consideration, but was to let you sleep as long as you would. I saw him walk off nearly an hour ago, however, and he has not yet returned."

Iola looked at her watch and was amazed to find that it was already three o'clock. After the primitive custom of these settlers the general dinner had been served an hour ago; but through the kindness of her fellow travelers she found that an ample supply of the homely but substantial fare had been reserved for her, and she ate with a keener relish than she had felt for many days, despite the painfully embarrassing thought that she had now to escape from two companions, and that perhaps through some deceptive means. And going out alone in an utterly strange place, hold a clandestine interview with a man whom her youthful but legal guardian had evidently held in almost as great destation as she had done. How was she to compass it? These thoughts were perplexing her all the while she sat sipping her coffee, filling her with especial alarm, lest, through the jealous vigilance of Castleton Vane, some unfortunate contretemps should at once result from their mutual collision with a stranger, and above all when that stranger was of the opposite sex.

In the meantime we will return for a brief space to young Vane, who had been walking restlessly about among the boat men down to the river, endeavoring to secure the services of a sailboat for the next day. But this he at length found to be impossible. The water was lower than it had ever been known to be before at this season, and all the boats with the larger boats had been suspended, and he found himself at last constrained to resort to a conveyance that was scarcely available, save than a roughly constructed skiff; nor could he induce the owner of this, for love or money, to consent to start on the perilous journey before Thursday morning at least. Then, if the water kept along the line, the Captain reported, were in an unsettled state just now; and these with the desperate whites who had conspired with the Indians to drive the more of the land-into travelers; and on one occasion even to seize and destroy a boat and carry off all its passengers prisoners, while no one could tell what had become of them. He had not much fancy for going at all; and they would have to arm themselves and be especially on their guard.

It was not then with the most comfortable feelings that Castleton Vane turned back towards the little old tavern, to endeavor to make the most comfortable arrangements possible for their detention there; and to strive in the meantime if he could unravel the mystery of Iola's unnatural alarm and prohibition whenever he had attempted to bring up the more friendly interest with which she had inspired him.

Making his way rather rapidly, as was his usual custom, even when there was nothing to induce haste, he was mentally contrasting the rough-clad denizens about him with the swells of fashionable cities, upon whom he had been accustomed to look, when an individual, a square or more in advance of

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financial account. He sold largely on credit and as he had started without much capital, he had from time to time been forced to borrow extensively of usurers who took good risks and charged heavy discount rates. All these combined circumstances, at the same time, in the vacation of Willett's sleeping chamber, the forgery was in process of execution.

At three o'clock Weston's night-key rattled in the door-latch and Tom's hearty step sounded on the stairs of his home. Contrary to custom our hero did not enter his wife's apartment, but threw himself, in his clothes, upon a bed in an adjoining room. Mrs. Weston awoke from a wild dream of horror as he did this, and, stealing on tiptoe, she glided to her husband's side. Tom was already in a sound sleep.

"Oh, Tom!" she murmured. "How cruel —how cruel!"

It was the first time she had ever seen her husband thoroughly overcome with liquor, and her poor bosom was wrenched and torn at the piteous sight. She could not weep—her tears were dried up in their fountain. She could not sleep—she was overwhelmed with a stony horror, she stood for a moment as one petrified—and threw herself beadling on the floor in agony.

When the first gray streaks of dawn broke out in the east, Mrs. Weston arose from her hard couch and went to the window. Out in the street all was cold and dismal, and the sad woman sighed in her heart of hearts as she thought that her life was, perhaps, to be as cold, as dismal and as deserted as the silent thoroughfare. Her husband still slumbered heavily. She turned and looked at him. Poor fellow, he was not all corrupted, for in his sleep he murmured her name and their child's! As she stood sorrowfully at his side, her eye caught sight of a crumpled bit of paper that protruded from his vest pocket. She drew it away and straightened it out in her hands. It was half written and half printed. She took it to the window, and in the faint light of the early morning read with astonishment:

No. 1695. March 1st, 1869.

THE CHEMICAL BANK.

Will Pay Thomas Weston, Esq., or Order, Five Hundred Thousand Dollars.

$500,000 ADAM CHURCH.

What did this mean? Had Adam Church been benevolent to her husband to the tremendous extent of the amount of this check? Mrs. Weston knew not what else to make of the matter. Pure, innocent soul, the idea that the precious document had been forged by a forger once entered her mind. As she was looking at the check and speculating how Tom came by it, Weston suddenly awoke and started wildly up, uttering the name of Willett. Our hero's face was haggard and blear-eyed, and he trembled like a leaf. When his glance, however, rested on a room in his quiet dwelling and on his wife, he grew calmer, but he rubbed his forehead with an uneasy and bewildered air.

"Tom," said Mrs. Weston, "where did you get this check for so much money?"

Weston sprang from the bed and ran towards his wife like a madman.

"Caroline," he cried, in an unearthly voice "give me that check!"

Mrs. Weston was frightened. Tom rudely tore the paper from her and thrust it back into his pocket.

"I'll not have you prying into my secrets in this manner!" he cried roughly.

The poor woman began to cry. She had never experienced such treatment at her husband's hands before. Tom paced the chamber, greatly agitated.

"I'm afraid there is something wrong about that check," he mused Mrs. Weston.

"I decline to say anything about the check!" muttered Weston, savagely.

A rague suspicion crept into Mrs. Weston's mind, a faint suspicion that the paper had not been honestly come by. She took Tom tenderly by the hand and said in winning tones:

"Tom, I hope you have done no wrong to good Mr. Church!"

Weston turned on her like a tiger. "Am I a scoundrel that you should insult me by such words?" he asked.

Mrs. Weston wept bitterly. Her heart was almost broken.

"I am going out," at length said Tom.

"When?" asked his wife, "going out at this early hour?"

Weston's only reply was putting on his hat, and he was out of the room the next moment.

Mrs. Weston heard him go down the stairs, heard him slam the front door, and heard the sound of his retreating footsteps on the pavement outside in the street.

She laid down herself in a state and sank into a kind of stupor. Finally she roused herself, and a strong resolution took possession of her.

"I will go to Mr. Church's house, before the bank opens, and ask him about this check!" she said.

Mrs. Weston carried out her resolve, and the banker heard her story with apparent unconcern, though in reality he was deeply moved. He told her there was some mistake on her husband's part and that it should be corrected, and he satisfactorily answered all her questions about the ill-omened check without letting her know that it was a forgery.

About noon that same day Weston presented the check for payment at the Chemical Bank. The teller took it in his hand, looked at it, and then blandly said:

"Mr. Weston, I regret to say, payment of this check has been stopped. Mr. Church says there is a great error in the settlement between you and him for which it was given, and he wishes to call on him at once to have it rectified!"

Tom was thunder-struck, but concealing his confusion as best he might, he hurried into the street and thence to where Willett was anxiously awaiting him.

Mortimer saw in his face that something was wrong.

"Deuced!" was all Tom said.

"What!" cried Willett, with a smile. "Detected and yet free!"

"Yes. I presented the check and was told that the payment of it had been stopped!"

Willett gave a loud laugh.

"The intelligent teller has confounded our check with some genuine one—that's all! Deposit it in your bank and it will be all right. It will never be questioned coming from the Clearing House!"

They parted, and Weston wended his way home. He had drunk deeply that morning to fortify himself for the drawing of the check, but somehow or other the liquor had not dulled his conscience. As he walked towards his dwelling, he owned inwardly that he was glad he had not succeeded in getting the money, and made up his mind to make no further attempt. He utterly rejected Willett's idea that Church had not discovered the forgery, but, at the same time, he wondered how the discovery had been so promptly brought about. He was amazed, too, at the banker's forbearance in not ordering his arrest at the time of presentation.

When Weston reached his residence he found everything in disorder there. An execution had been levied on his household goods, and the saucy deputy sheriffs were in the house busily engaged in making an inventory of its contents.

That evening Mrs. Weston paced the floor of her chamber until midnight, and, as the last lingering clock of the great city proclaimed that the morning was come, she stole to the little bed of her sleeping child and wept bitterly there. At precisely the same time, in the sweetness of Willett's sleeping chamber, the forgery was in process of execution.

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When Weston reached his residence he found everything in disorder there. An execution had been levied on his household goods, and the saucy deputy sheriffs were in the house busily engaged in making an inventory of its contents.

Tom went to his wife's chamber and sat astride a chair there, hiding his face in his hands on the back of it.

Mrs. Weston arose to his side and touched him on the shoulder.

Tom raised his head and looked at her. His face was crimson with shame and repeared.

"Caroline," said he honestly, "can you ever forgive me?"

Mrs. Weston replied only by a kiss, but that kiss spoke volumes. Tom leaped to his feet.

"Caroline," he cried, "my whole life has been a error—I see it now—now that I am an outcast and a beggar! But it is never too late to mend—and—and—I will begin at once!"

His wife threw her arms about his neck, and wept tears of joy. Suddenly Tom's brow clouded and he whispered with a cold shudder:

"Caroline, dissipation has not been my only crime—I—I—am a forger!"

Mrs. Weston gave a great start and nearly fell to the floor. The mystery of that fatal check was now plain to her.

"Oh, Tom," she sobbed, "this is too much!"

At this moment a loud knock was heard at the bed-room door, and, before either Weston and his wife could answer the summons, Adam Church walked into the apartment.

Mrs. Weston bowed her head in agony and covered her face with her hands. Tom turned pale.

The banker quietly turned the key in the lock and then calmly sat down in a large arm-chair. His look expressed the utmost pity.

"Tom," said he, at length, "I am sorry for you!"

Weston's bosom heaved with great convulsions. He drew the check from his pocket and placed it in Church's hand.

"I will—and I mean what I say!" cried Tom.

"Then," said the banker, joyously, "all your trouble has been but an 'Angel in Disguise,' and through temptation and error you have walked to life and hope! God bless you!"

* * * * * * * *

Tom rented a small house, and, through Church's aid, obtained a clerkship with a salary sufficient to support his modest wants. He kept his word and became a sober and worthy man. The fact of the forgery never transpired, as the banker kept it a strict secret. Willett, shortly after Weston's reformation, fled the country. Mrs. Weston was now a happy woman, and Tom, hale and hearty, journeyed on "a man of the world" no longer!

A FAMILY IN RUSSIA.

In the village communities of Great Russia the family still exists in its more primitive type. Property is undivided among the eldern or brothers who live together; each man has an equal right to its fruits. Paternal authority is supreme. The married son remains subject to his father till he has a son of his own grown up, or till he succeeds to the headship of the family. This domestic sovereignty has remained intact through all the revolutions which Russia has undergone. It is in a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to accurately locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles from the unfavorable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the more important wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. A storm in Washington and foretell what the weather will be to-morrow in Florida or New York, as well as if several days' time had not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these the scientists deduce accurate conclusions, regardless of distance. A few fossils sent to the expert geologist enable him to form a correct opinion of the information from which they were taken. He can describe it to you as well as if the earth of it were lying on his table. So also the chemist can determine the constitution of the sun as accurately as if the planet were not ninety-five million miles from his laboratory. The same certainty depends over the "magnitude of space" and the chemist classifies the planets by passing them through the spectroscope. Only the presence of certain substances bound produce these solar signs. So also in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs or symptoms and by common consent Dr. Pierce of the World's Dispensary, has been selected to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing or personally examining his patients. He has spared neither pains nor expense to associate with himself, as the Faculty of the World's Dispensary, a large number of medical gentlemen of rare attainments and skill—graduates from some of the most celebrated Medical Colleges and Universities of both Europe and America. By a wise system of consultation of diagnosis, these physicians and surgeons annually treat with the most startling success many thousands of invalids without ever seeing them in person. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of patients, they claim to possess no miraculous powers. They simply bring their knowledge of the patient's disease, by the practical application of well established principles of modern science to their practice of medicine. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed them, that they owe their almost world-wide reputation for the skillful treatment of all chronic affections. This system of practice and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis or synthesis, furnish abundant and truthful tatable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner or artist in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are also placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. The peculiarities of this scientific system of practice are fully explained in the Appendix of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—a book of over nine hundred large pages, which is so popular as to have reached a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies within a few months of its first publication. It is sent (post paid) by the Author to any address, on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

To solicit patronage is, at least in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without envy, and none can be servile without corruption.

WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their respective departments is almost miraculous if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take the wonderful electro-magnetic telegraph—the greatest invention of the age. It is done with a marvelous degree of accuracy when enables an operator to accurately locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles from the unfavorable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the more important wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. A storm in Washington and foretell what the weather will be to-morrow in Florida or New York, as well as if several days' time had not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these the scientists deduce accurate conclusions, regardless of distance. A few fossils sent to the expert geologist enable him to form a correct opinion of the information from which they were taken. He can describe it to you as well as if the earth of it were lying on his table. So also the chemist can determine the constitution of the sun as accurately as if the planet were not ninety-five million miles from his laboratory. The same certainty depends over the "magnitude of space" and the chemist classifies the planets by passing them through the spectroscope. Only the presence of certain substances bound produce these solar signs. So also in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs or symptoms and by common consent Dr. Pierce of the World's Dispensary, has been selected to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing or personally examining his patients. He has spared neither pains nor expense to associate with himself, as the Faculty of the World's Dispensary, a large number of medical gentlemen of rare attainments and skill—graduates from some of the most celebrated Medical Colleges and Universities of both Europe and America. By a wise system of consultation of diagnosis, these physicians and surgeons annually treat with the most startling success many thousands of invalids without ever seeing them in person. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of patients, they claim to possess no miraculous powers. They simply bring their knowledge of the patient's disease, by the practical application of well established principles of modern science to their practice of medicine. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed them, that they owe their almost world-wide reputation for the skillful treatment of all chronic affections. This system of practice and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis or synthesis, furnish abundant and truthful tatable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner or artist in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are also placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. The peculiarities of this scientific system of practice are fully explained in the Appendix of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser"—a book of over nine hundred large pages, which is so popular as to have reached a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies within a few months of its first publication. It is sent (post paid) by the Author to any address, on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN.

BY EMMA SARA JEFFARES.

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
Tears that were bitter sweet,
Kisses that were too fleet,
But linger yet?

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
Eyes that were made for love,
Tresses that round me wove
A golden net?

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
All love's sweet mysteries,
Laughter that died in sighs,
Hopeless regret?

Not quite forgotten, love!
Who could forget
Days in the brighter Past,
Shadows that darkness cast,
Old suns that set?

Not quite forgotten, love!
I shall forget
When bright green grasses wave
Over my lonesome grave
With dewdrops wet!

LAURIE'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

It was St. Mark's Eve, and most of the girls in the parish, with the Vicar and the curate, had been hard at work all day decorating the church for Easter Sunday. Very pretty and picturesque it looked, with the profusion of primroses, anemones, and soft green moss with which pillars and lectern and font were wreathed.

One by one most of the girls vanished after the Vicar and curate—who were both young and unmarried—had left; but up in the chancel a little party of workers still lingered. Max Ernscliffe, the doctor, perched high up on a ladder, was hanging up the wreaths Lisette Lyle's white fingers handed to him, while Lisette's white and slim the girl's fingers looked among the shining green leaves, and Ernscliffe's eyes rested admiringly upon them, and upon the fair, upturned face as he bent down for some more ivy.

Little Laurie Eastwood, from her dark seat under the chancel arch, almost hated her cousin for her stately beauty and graceful ways.

"I was handing him the holly at Christmas," Laurie thought bitterly, as a great tear fell on the dusty floor-stones and prickly white thorn which lay on her knee. She had taken off her gloves, though the sharp thorns scratched and tore her little hands, with some vague notion of doing penance for her evil thoughts; for Laurie was a devout little Ritualist, and believed implicitly in fasts and penances, and the memory of the day before still lingered in her heart.

"And it's not her fault after all," Laurie acknowledged to herself presently. "She is so pretty and charming—and he is only a man after all."

She worked away at her cross bravely, while the two in the chancel went on with their careless talk and subdued laughter, all unconscious of the battle that was being fought and won under the gray old arch. Laurie could look up and smile brightly when Doctor Ernscliffe, twisting himself round, and looking down from his perilous position, exclaimed, gaily—

"How quiet the child is! Laurie, why don't you talk? What are you dreaming about?"

"I didn't think there was any need for me to talk," she said, "when you two were making such a noise. Lisette, my cross is finished. Do you like it?"

"Beautiful!" Lisette pronounced, admiringly. "What a clever little thing you are, Laurie! But your hands are bleeding. Why, you silly child, you have been working without gloves!"

"Let me see!" Doctor Ernscliffe cried, coming down from the ladder, and taking both the unwilling little hands in his: "Why, they are all wounds and bruises! Shall I cure them, Laurie, as I used to do when you were a child—kiss them, and make them well again?"

Laurie drew them away impatiently.

"He would not talk like that to her," she thought, as Lisette moved slowly down the church, and stood by the lectern, looking, in her long gray dress, with her pure, pale face and golden hair, like a saint that had just stepped out of the painted window.

"Isn't she pretty, Laurie?" Max Ernscliffe whispered, looking at Lisette; and Laurie answered bravely, though with a great pang at her heart—

"Yes, lovely. She only wants a palm-branch in her hand, and a glory round her head, to look just like an angel."

All the light seemed to leave the church, and gather round the graceful figure in the aisle. To Laurie, in her fanciful way, it seemed like a foreshadowing of their future lives—the flowers and the brightness and the sunshine for Lisette, the silence and the gloom and the subdued chancel light for her.

"What a lovely color primrose is!" said Lisette, breaking the silence with her soft voice. "And so fashionable this season too! How I wish I could wear it! Laurie, if I were you, I should have a wreath of primroses in my summer bonnet."

Doctor Ernscliffe looked so comically disgusted that Laurie began to laugh, and Lisette looked up inquiringly.

"What is the matter? What are you laughing at?" she inquired, looking from one to the other in surprise.

"Only at the absurdity of supposing any color could be unbecoming to Miss Lyle," said the Doctor, with a polite little bow. "Laurie," he added, turning to the other young lady, "it is getting late; shall we go? The ghosts will be coming out soon."

"Ghosts? Delightful! cried Lisette. "If we had to wait till very late—till twelve o'clock—would there be any chance of seeing one? Oh, how I should like to be able to say I had really seen a ghost!"

"Every chance, I should think," Ernscliffe answered gravely. "This is St. Mark's Eve, you know. Ah, I forgot—you benighted south-country people are not up in our local traditions. You must know that once a year, on the Eve of St. Mark, the spirits of all the people in the parish who are fated to die during the current year walk in a ghostly procession round the church."

"How absurd!" Lisette laughed. "Laurie, you look as if you believed in it."

"So she does!" Doctor Ernscliffe affirmed. "Laurie believes in everything of that kind. She has a horseshoe nailed over the door, to keep out the witches, and——"

"Don't be so silly!" Laurie interrupted. "But I do believe in St. Mark's Eve. Why, you know," she went on, turning reproachfully to the Doctor, "old Liston said he saw papa go into the church months before he died, and poor Lizzie Walker, and several others—oh, I can't help believing in it!"

"He was an old idiot," the Doctor observed, contemptuously. "It was a lucky thing for the parish when he went to join his friends the ghosts. He frightened two or three persons into their graves, I know."

"Do you think he saw himself?" Laurie asked, in a low tone, her eyes growing large and scared. "How dreadful! Fancy standing in the porch and seeing yourself go up the aisle."

"Laurie, I should like to shake you," the Doctor cried. "You never used to be so superstitious. Do you remember being locked in the church once when you were a little bit of a girl? Why, you would be frightened out of your wits if such a thing were to happen now."

"I remember," Laurie said, shyly. Something in the Doctor's eyes brought back the memory of that night, when he had found her in the church, and carried her home in his arms to her anxious mother. "I was very glad to see you all the same, and I don't think I should be any more frightened now. One can believe a thing without being afraid of it. Lisette, suppose we come down to-night and watch in the porch? I have the key of the church door."

"I should like it above all things," Lisette, replied, "and——"

"I beg you won't do anything of the sort," Ernscliffe interrupted; "Laurie would be fancying all sorts of horrors and infecting you with her fears—though I shouldn't say you were very nervous," he went on, looking admiringly down to the stately figure and composed calm face.

"Nervous? No, I never was nervous," Lisette said.

They had left the churchyard and were walking slowly across the green, when the Doctor paused, and looked at his watch.

"I must say good-bye now," he said; "I have a call to make before dinner. I suppose I shall see you both at Mrs. Liston's to-night?"

"You will see me," Lisette replied; "Laurie is not going."

"Not going?" questioned Doctor Ernscliffe, quickly. "Why not, Laurie?"

Laurie colored and hesitated.

"I don't want to go to-night," she said, softly—"it is Passion-week."

If Laurie had only seen the loving, admiring look in the Doctor's eyes, surely all her doubts would have been set at rest. Lisette smiled to herself—it was easy to see which way the change were going—and Ernscliffe blushed and laughed as he met her amused glance.

"What is the matter, Miss Lyle? Why do you look so amused?" he asked. "Well, good-bye—keep one or two dances for me."

Laurie looked after him as he walked quickly away, a tall man in a loose, gray coat, with his hat on the back of his head. Nineteen years before—nearly the full term of her lifetime—she had come to Easington, first as assistant, afterwards as partner and successor to her father, and since then had been everything to Laurie—brother, playmate, hero, friend—all in one, and lately, though Laurie would not acknowledge it even to herself, something nearer and dearer still. What a change would come over her life if he were to marry, or leave Easington!

"And of course he will marry some day," Laurie, remembering his admiring looks at Lisette, thought to herself.

Lisette looked curiously at her cousin's preoccupied face, but laughed and talked about the decorations and the curate, and the head-dress Mrs. Liston Raine was making at the Vicar, kindly paying no heed to Laurie's silence and abstracted answer.

"People in love are very foolish and a great nuisance," Lisette thought, with a certain calm pity that would have amused the Doctor immensely.

"I shan't go to bed till you come in," Laurie said, as they stood before the glass pinning the flowers into her cousin's hair. "You won't be very late, I suppose?"

"No, I suppose not," Lisette replied. "It is so silly of people to have birthdays on a Saturday. We shall have to come away just as the fun's beginning."

"And the silliest part of it is," Laurie observed, laughing, "that what is perfectly right and proper up to five minutes to twelve becomes dreadfully wicked directly the clock strikes. I should put it back an hour or two if I were you."

"Laurie, don't be a little heathen," Lisette said, reprovingly. "I shall tell Doctor Ernscliffe, and he will give you such a lecture."

"He won't mind," Laurie returned, smiling and blushing prettily. "He does all sorts of things on Sunday himself. What a lot of friends you will see to-night, Lisette!"

"Yes, it seems so funny to come back and find everybody just the same," Lisette said.

"Laurie, what has become of Agnes King? Hers is the only face I miss."

"I don't know," Laura replied, gravely. "She is either dead—or worse. She never came home, and the old people never mention her."

"What a pity! I thought there must be something wrong," Lisette said, meditatively, fastening her cloak closer to her head. "I asked Mrs. Malcolm the other day, when Doctor Ernscliffe was there, and she hemmed and hawed and looked so significant that I dropped the subject. What a curious resemblance there used to be between you as children, Laurie! Did it alter as you grew older?"

"I never thought of anything," Laurie answered. We were always being taken for each other. Lisette, the cab will be here, directly."

"I am just ready," Lisette replied. "There—how do I look, Laurie?"

"Lovely," Laurie announced, honestly. "How I should like to be as pretty as you!"

"As pretty as I?" Lisette cried. "Why, you silly child, nine people out of ten would think you just as pretty! I'll tell you who does for one, Doctor Ernscliffe. How fond he is of you, Laurie!"

"I have known him all my life," Laurie observed, demurely; "he has been like a brother to me."

"Just so," Lisette said, "only brothers don't look at their sisters as he was looking at you to-day—at all events, my brothers don't. Ah, here is my cloak, Laurie. Now turn me off now, darling, when I have waited so patiently?" he went on, tenderly; and Laurie drew closer to him, and whispered something in his ear which made the Doctor look handsome for once in his new-found happiness.

"Would you rather go to bed, darling?" he asked. "You look so tired and worn."

But all Laurie's nervousness returned at the idea of being left alone.

"Oh, no, let me wait till Lisette comes," she cried. "I daren't go alone." And then the shuddering terror reasserted itself, till Ernscliffe was almost in despair.

"Laurie, control yourself at once!" he said, very sternly. "I shall go if you persist in exciting yourself," and then, as the girl looked up in reproachful wonder at his altered tone, all his assumed severity died away. "There, I won't scold you any more," he promised, gaily; "and you shall tell me all about it to-morrow. Listen—there is Lisette coming."

Lisette came in, bright and excited, with her tumbled dress and faded flowers.

"It has been such a nice party, Laurie," she said, joyously; "and, Doctor Ernscliffe, I saved two dances for you, but you never came after all. Why, Laurie dear, what is the matter?" she asked, anxiously.

"She is tired. Take her to bed at once, please, Miss Lyle," Ernscliffe requested, "and don't talk—not a word. Laurie, promise."

"But I want to know about the party," Laurie began, defiantly; "and I won't be ordered about! How would you like it yourself?"

"Very well, if I had you to order me," said the Doctor, laughing not a little in his relief to hear Laurie speaking more in her usual tone.

He went down to the church, and looked about in vain for the cause of Laurie's excitement.

"If her liver were out of order, I could understand it," mused the Doctor, looking at the matter from a medical point of view, which would have been infinitely exasperating to Laurie, but which was perfectly natural in the quiet, unimaginative Doctor. Ghosts and apparitions generally proceeded from diseased livers, or nervous temperaments. Laurie would be all right in the morning, he hoped.

But Ernscliffe was much disappointed next morning to find Laurie, though quite calm and quiet again, as much impressed as ever with the reality of the apparition she had seen.

"I tell you I saw it quite plainly," she said, with a quiet sadness which worried the Doctor much more than the excitement of the night before. "It was quite light, and I saw it distinctly."

He could only laugh, and call her a little goose, and change the subject, trusting to time to weaken the impression.

But the days went on, and Doctor Ernscliffe, watching Laurie as a man watches his dearest, saw how pale and grave she was growing, and how very rare the fits of high spirits which used to be his delight and torment had become.

"What am I to do with her?" he said to Lisette, to whom he went with all his troubles. "She will worry herself into her grave, if this goes on much longer."

"I should take her away somewhere," Lisette suggested. "He married at once. A complete change will soon drive the nonsense out of her head;" and Ernscliffe was quite ready to take her advice.

"Laurie," he said one evening when they were alone, "I shall be able to get away in the latter part of July. Langford will take the practice for a month. Can you be ready by then? I am going home, and I want to take my wife with me," he added, proudly, with a little loving suppose of her hand.

Laurie was silent, and Doctor Ernscliffe, looking anxiously down at her, saw great tears well into her eyes.

"Well, dear, if anything should appear," she muttered to herself, "I think I should go out of my senses! How foolish I was to come!"

Opening the door with the key entrusted to her by the Vicar, she looked timidly up the aisle, where the moonlight gleamed oddly on the flowers and evergreens, and felt somewhat reassured at the peaceful silence around. The clock struck the hour with unusual distinctness and long intervals between each stroke, and Laurie crept into a corner of the porch and waited, her heart beating loudly with excitement and nervous dread.

What was that—who was that—coming softly down the churchyard with quick, gliding steps? The figure of a young girl dressed in a long grey cloak, with the hood drawn closely over her head!

Laurie's heart seemed to die within her. She stood leaning against the wall, shivering from head to foot, longing and frantically dreading to see the concealed face. The moon was passing behind a cloud, but, just as the terrible figure reached the porch, it shone out vividly on the bent head and clasped hands, and Laurie seemed to be looking at herself—older and sadder, white and worn, and with a strange look of anguish in the dark eyes, yet so like herself.

"I shall look like that when I am dead!" Laurie said to herself, shrinking away as the terrible figure passed into the church through the open door. And then all at once a great terror, a frantic longing to get away from that terrible place and be near something human, came over her.

Forgetting to lock the door, she rushed blindly up the churchyard and along the village street. There were hurrying footsteps behind her, and presently a firm hand was laid on her arm.

"Laurie, what on earth is the matter?" cried Ernscliffe's voice.

Laurie clung to him passionately.

"Oh, Doctor Ernscliffe, I have seen myself!" she cried, shaking from head to foot.

The Doctor was very much puzzled and surprised, but he saw it was no time for asking questions. Laurie almost fainting from fright and excitement. He put his arm round her, and half led, half carried her up the garden-path, and placed her in a chair before the fire.

"Don't talk, Laurie," he said, authoritatively. "Drink this wine, and rest a little first."

"I must talk—I must tell some one, or I shall go mad!" Laurie cried. "Doctor Ernscliffe, do you understand? I have seen myself! I vanished before you. I was not such a coward as you thought, and so I went to the church and watched in the porch—and I saw myself!"

"My poor child," Ernscliffe said, with a great bitterness and self-reproach in his voice, "I never thought you noticed my stupid words. Don't you know I think you are the bravest little woman in the world, and as you are the dearest and sweetest?"

He knelt down by her chair as he spoke, and drew the shining head on to his shoulder, while even in the midst of her terror Laurie smiled at his loving voice.

"You love me better than Lisette?" she whispered. "I thought you liked her best."

"Ten thousand times nicer than Lisette!" cried the Doctor. "Why, Laurie, you promised ten years ago to be my little wife when you were old enough. You won't turn me off now, darling, when I have waited so patiently?" he went on, tenderly; and Laurie drew closer to him, and whispered something in his ear which made the Doctor look handsome for once in his new-found happiness.

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"Nothing, Lisette. Laurie is not very well, and I am going to take her home directly. Good-night, dear, and thank you for your kindness to her."

"Good-night, Laurie," Lisette said, kissing her cousin. "Doctor Ernscliffe, I am sure you will take care of her. Laurie, you look as if you believed in ghosts still."

"Good-night, Lisette," Laurie answered, softly. "Yes, I believe in ghosts still, but I am not afraid of them."

"Laurie, you are quite sure?" Laurie questioned, anxiously. "It seems too good news to be true. And where has she been all this time?"

"You had better not ask too many questions, Laurie," Ernscliffe replied. "Well, are you satisfied at last, little one?"

"Quite," Laurie answered, softly. Great tears of relief and delight were standing in her eyes, and she put up her lips and kissed her husband. "It would have been so hard to leave you, darling," she whispered.

"Laurie, you didn't really believe in that stupid nonsense, though?" said the Doctor, incredulously. "Well, of all the little simpletons——"

"I know it seems silly now," Laurie interposed, coloring and smiling, "but I did. I used to sit and think how you would miss me, and how glad you would be day after day and hour after hour, and every day it seemed harder, because every day I loved you better, dear!"

* * * * *

Two or three years have passed, but Laurie has never forgotten or repented her midnight adventure. Every year, as St. Mark's Eve comes round, Doctor Ernscliffe offers to accompany her to the old church and share her vigil; but up to this time Laurie has steadfastly declined the tempting proposition.

"After all, you know," she says to her husband, "you have never proved the legend to be false. And I might see something, and you would be just as much frightened as myself; and I think on the whole after all it is better not to know too much," she finishes, sagely.

So Laurie lives on, happy with her husband and children, happy in the present, not seeking or caring too much for what is to be, but perfectly content to leave the future in the hands of Him who—ah, how wisely!—has cast such a merciful veil over the years to come.

"Which of us," she often asks herself, "if that veil were raised, and our lives spread out before us clearly and distinctly, with their trials and sins and sorrows, would dare to look, or, having dared, would not long to lay aside the remembrance, and be as we once were—hoping, fearing, longing, knowing not what a day may bring forth?"

THE BRIDGE OF DEATH.

In a rich and populous county in Mississippi was once a stretch of woodland so dense that even during the brightest days of summer, never penetrated the leafy canopy, except where a carriage-way had been cut through its centre, the hills now on either side forming a deep ravine, through which ran a small brook or bayou, the water being only a few inches deep in places, and two or three feet wide. Over this little, straggling stream a rude bridge of logs and planks was thrown. At all times the air around it was damp, and suggestive of the chills of death, while at night the darkness could almost be felt.

For many years that part of the country had been infested by small gangs of runaway negroes, and all efforts to capture them by the patrol had been ineffectual, owing to the co-operation with the runaways of the negroes on the plantations in the surrounding country. Many a dark deed had been committed at the bottom of the gloomy ravine on this very bridge, until it came at last to be called "The Bridge of Death."

At last there was a cessation of horrors.

No murder had been committed for nearly a year, and belated travelers began to breathe freely if the twilight fell before the bridge was crossed.

About six miles apart, with the fatal bridge between, dwelt two families of planters, bound together by such ties as similar pursuits and equality in children, of both sexes, on either side, will always cement. The young people had always kept up a constant intercourse with each other; and when the time for the celebration of the bridge at night, the visits had been of three or four days' duration, and the traveling backwards and forwards had been done in the daytime.

At last, George and Mattie, the eldest son and daughter, determined to pay their friends a visit, intending to return before the twilight; and accordingly they made an early start in a light barouche, driving a gentle but very fast-trotting horse.

The day at the house of their friends was spent as all days must be where youth and light hearts combine to chase time away; and in this instance they did it so effectually that night was darkening the earth before the young people thought of returning home. Putting aside all solicitations to remain over night, they prepared to depart. Relying on the trotting qualities of their horse they hoped to reach home before the mother should grow uneasy at their absence. It was near nine o'clock before they finally got off; but, once started, they rolled easily and swiftly along until the brow of the hill overlooking the ravine was reached. Here the horse suddenly stood still, and no amount of encouragement would induce him to go down the hill.

George was a brave youth, and Mattie was brave too when her brother's reputation was concerned; and they both knew to turn back would expose them to many covert jests on the part of their neighbors, who would be sure to hear of their retreat, as they dreaded to do.

George alighted, and bidding Mattie hold the reins to prevent them falling about the horse's heels, took him by the bit, and by dint of pulling and coaxing, started him down the hill, trembling and shivering with mortal fear.

As soon as her brother left her side, Mattie slid down from her seat, and crouched down on the floor of the carriage, holding on to the dashboard, too frightened to speak.

The horse was slowly led to the bottom of the hill; the rude bridge, however, did not terrify him, and, with a snort and a bound, he shook off George's restraining hand, and in a moment had thundered over the bridge, and was speeding up the other side of the hill, still snorting with the most extreme fear.

At the first plunge of the maddened animal Mattie was jerked out of the carriage, and sent over the bridge into the branches and bushes; and, although George groped around in the thick darkness, and called her name repeatedly, not a sound did Mattie reply to his search; and, although suffering the direst apprehensions, he felt that he would be compelled to leave her there, and hurry home for assistance.

The thought of leaving his sister in such a place for a short time even was almost too painful to be entertained; and he began feeling around the ground beside the bridge, with a last hope of finding her before he left the spot to procure help.

While thus employed, lying flat on the bridge, he touched something that felt like a hand, but larger and heavier than his sister's should be. He instinctively drew back, and casting his eyes up the hill towards home, saw the welcome light cast from pine torches, and heard the familiar voices of negroes, and he knew that they were searching for him. To call to them to hasten onward was the work of a moment; and, with glad shouts and merry laughter, as is the want of happy negroes under any little excitement, four or five of them, under the lead of the plantation driver, crowded round him, inquiring: "Where is Miss Mattie?"

In a few words, George explained to them what had happened, suppressing the fact that he had felt a strange, cold hand under the bridge. Had he told them that in spite of all their devotion to him and their young mistress, they would have turned and fled away as fast as their legs would carry them.

Then began a rapid and vigilant search, and poor Mattie was soon brought to light, tumbled all in a heap, close beside the bridge. Partly under her, and partly under the bridge, was another object upon which the red glare of the torches fell with a terrible distinctness. A man, in the full bloom of early manhood, lay mute and cold, the crushed skull showing too well that the murderers were at their dread work again. Some of the negroes dropped their torches and fled at the sight of the ghastly object; but the sight of their master, aided by the driver, recalled them. Hasty preparations were made to take Mattie away from the hateful spot; and the still insensible girl was sent forward in charge of two men, who carried her alternately in their arms. The men were ordered to take horse immediately and ride into the town of Shirley, to arouse the sheriff of the county to come and take charge of the dead man. George and the three negroes remained and kept solemn watch over the body of the young stranger until the arrival of the officers of the law.

The coppaged arrival of the negroes on the scene was owing to the fears of a younger sister. She had bribed them with the promise of coffee and hot cakes in the morning, to go with torches to meet and escort her brother past the fatal bridge. They had reached the foot of the hill, when the frightened horse, dragging the shattered carriage after him, came dashing down upon them, creating the greatest consternation, for they felt that some dreadful accident must have happened.

It was never known who the murdered stranger was. His pockets had been rifled, and all clue to his identity was lost. A few days afterwards, a horse, with a remnant of a saddle, was found in the fields; and as no owner could be found, it was supposed to have belonged to the murdered traveler.

After this fearful deed, the bridge was burnt. Logs and brush were piled into the road, rendering it impassable, and a new one made round this strip of woods, removing forever all possibility of the recurrence of another tragedy on the "Bridge of Death."

AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY.

From time immemorial pretty and graceful things have been manufactured from the common dust under our feet. Pottery uses the most plastic of all substances, which obeys fully, mutinously, the wish or sense of the potter; it may therefore be stamped with his individual perception of the useful and beautiful more than any other material man can use. The perfect forms of the Greek potter, the exquisite colors of the Persian, Arabian, and Chinese painters, the brilliant lustres of the Moorish and Italian decorators, are here displayed, and are in a sense imperishable. The paintings of Egyptians and Greeks and Romans have perished; their pottery remains. The antiquarian and the historical student have sought here for many things, and have found many. The artistic sensibility has also seen much to enjoy.

A GRAIN of boldness in everything is an important requisite of prudence. We should moderate our conceptions of others so as not to think so highly of them as to fear them. The imagination should never overmaster the heart. No one overpasses the narrow limits of humanity. All have their imperfections, some in the intellect, some in the disposition.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

GOOD NEWS WITHOUT WATER.—Take a nice, juicy piece of meat, three or four pounds of loin, put it into a saucepan with some onions, rubbed or fried, and plenty of pepper, ginger, and salt; cover it down close, and let it cook on a gentle fire for four or five hours.

CARROT PUDDING.—One pound of currants, one pound of flour, one pound of suet, one pound of treacle, one pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, one pound of carrots, and about one pound of potatoes (these to be well boiled and mashed), a little nutmeg spice flavoring and zest. Mix well together, boil in a basin eight hours.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—Mix four ounces of sifted loaf sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon, with four ounces of melted butter; then add the yolks of two eggs and the white of one, the rind of three lemons grated fine, and the juice of one and a half; then a pound of ladies' finger biscuits, a few ground almonds, and a spoonful of brandy. Mix well, put a light puff paste around the dish, and bake in a quick oven.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—Sift well together one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix into a soft dough with sweet milk; roll thin in an oblong shape, and spread over it one quart of cranberries sprinkled well with sugar. Roll with a little flour, and roll over and over, then tie in a pudding cloth and steam for an hour. Any kind of fruit is made in same way.

MINCED MUTTON.—Trim off from some slices of cold mutton all fat, gristle, and skinny parts, mince the meat finely, and sprinkle it with a little flour, pepper, and salt to taste, and a bit of cutlety put a piece of butter into a saucepan. When melted add the mince and as much stock as will bring it to the proper consistency; let it simmer very gently for at least an hour, and serve with sippets. Walnut or mushroom catsup may be added, as also a little Worcester sauce.

STEAMED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—One pound of suet, one pound of flour, heaping teaspoonful of salt; chop the suet in a little of the flour to prevent its caking, chop very fine, mix flour, suet, and salt together and mix thoroughly, then add cold water enough to make a paste; roll as thin as pie crust, pare a dozen large apples, quarter and core them, keeping each apple by itself; place the quarters together as in shape, and cover each apple with a square of the paste, then butter slightly the bottom of a steamer, and lay in your dumplings. They will cook in an hour. Serve with hard sauce.

COLD ROAST BEEF AND POTATO PIE.—Boil some potatoes until nearly soft, then mash them with a pestle and add some cream or butter, and salt to taste. Slice the cold beef and place it in a saucepan, with a little chopped onion, salt and pepper and ripe tomatoes stewed very thin. Add to it any gravy that was left, and a little flour, or it is best to fry each slice of meat into flour. Fill the dish two-thirds full, and cover the whole with a thick crust of mashed potatoes, making it rise to the centre above the edges of the dish. Score the crust with the point of a knife into squares of an equal size. Put the dish into the oven and bake it for half an hour, or until it is well browned.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED A.D. 1821
1921

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Saturday Evening, May 5, 1877.

ANOTHER NEW ROMANCE.

A Fascinating Spiritualistic Serial

NEXT WEEK.

We shall commence in the next number of the POST the publication of a new serial written expressly for our columns by Charles Leon Gumpert, of this city, called

ELAMA,

THE TWIN SOUL.

This romance treats in a remarkably absorbing manner of that modern wonder, Spiritualism, and has one of the most deftly-woven and fascinating plots that we have ever seen in a work of fiction. We must congratulate the author on having chosen a field of narrative not occupied since Poe. The French writer, Flammarion, who has taken Poe's suggestions and woven them into fantastic and absorbing stories of other worlds, might have written "Elama." This fiction has a rich exuberance of ideas and situations, and its dramatic effect is heightened by an almost endless succession of thrilling episodes, in which the reader's attention is insensibly drawn from one wonder to another. The story grows breathlessly absorbing, as it proceeds. The character of the heroine develops itself, and the dark horror of some of the surroundings makes the picture of bright spirit life more intense and poetic. We can safely promise our readers a rich literary treat in "Elama."

THE QUALITIES OF A NOVEL.

The chief value of a novel is the interest it awakens in the reader as a mere narrative of exciting circumstances. Plot has more to do with the success of a work of fiction than is commonly supposed. We read a story not as we read a volume of history or travels, but as we look at a picture, for its æsthetic effect upon us—its power of beauty. A newspaper account of a circumstance is interesting chiefly as it suggests to the imagination and this esthetic quality, which in the novel is thoroughly expressed, and which is indeed the charm of the book. Authors who lack this power fail as fiction writers—become sermonizers, or dry narrators of bare facts, or historians or biographers. A novelist must be a poet. Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" gives a better picture of the times of Anne than all the histories of England put together.

Yet, after all, we read a story for its effect, its excitement and its sensation. All popular books have been of this kind. The people take hold of them and will not let them go, because they are so absorbing. Nothing detracts so from a pure story as a prosy digression, a long description of character or attire. These things ought only to be suggested by touches and broad effects.

The field for the novelist, instead of narrowing, as is supposed, is even more capacious than ever. The great writer of the future will leave the beaten and dismal tracts of fiction, and delight his readers in the "pastures new" of science and art, in the wondrous appliances of mechanical art and the discoveries in chemistry and astronomy and the kindred sciences.

Edgar A. Poe, who is unfortunately too little known, had he lived, would have been America's greatest fiction writer. His wierd power, his analysis, the fascination of his style and themes, rendered him a far greater and profounder writer than Hawthorne or any of his successors; and Edgar A. Poe would have united in a work of romance all that which has been attained by Dandet, Murger, and other French writers, (who took their ideas from Poe), and even more—he would have gone into the fields of enchanting fiction in which he was *facile princeps*, and the novelist of the future will have to follow in his footsteps and wear his mantle.

ANNIHILATING FIRE.

Every now and then, when some great conflagration startles the public mind, individuals will start up, especially in large cities, with some new-fangled apparatus for extinguishing fire, which they will loudly protest will do the work far better than the system in vogue. The bulk of these inventions have a foundation in science, and are, no doubt, the result of patient and conscientious thought, but, in almost every instance so far, whilst all have proved moderately successful in a limited field, all have lamentably failed when put to work on a large scale. The latest experiment was made in this city some days ago, but, as usual, it turned out but a partial success. We think it is about time that people everywhere had abandoned the vain idea of trying to discover a better or more reliable fire annihilator than water, applied to the burning edifice by a well regulated and well manned fire department. Experience has abundantly shown that, under all ordinary circumstances, such a department is thoroughly effective, and can be depended upon. Patent fire extinguishers and the like may do to keep a conflagration in check until the steamers arrive, but it is useless to expect more of them.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

ALL citizens of the United States, and especially of this Commonwealth, should need no second call to induce them to respond to the appeal of the Directors of the Permanent International Exhibition Company, which appears in another column of the POST, this week. This appeal is especially directed to those who hold stock in the Centennial Exposition of last year, and who, by virtue of the recent extraordinary decision of the United States Supreme Court, can count on but a microscopic remuneration for their patriotic investment. The Directors of the Permanent Exhibition propose to issue sixteen tickets of admission for every share of Centennial stock transferred to them, which in actual value will be much greater than the largest cash amount that any Centennial shareholder can hope to receive. Besides, the transfer will materially aid the Permanent Exhibition, and this consideration alone should be sufficient for determining the Exposition stockholders on what course they ought to pursue in the matter.

WE believe firmly in advertising, and hence find it difficult to conceive what reason Anna Dickinson has for desiring to put a stop to Helen Potter's imitation of her acting in "A Crown of Thorns." All other actors and actresses strive to find imitators, and are never so happy as when they succeed in so doing, as they rightly consider that every time an audience is reminded of their existence they receive just so much additional reputation. Miss Dickinson, however, seems to have another view of the matter, and to desire no other popularity than that she can achieve for herself. If we were in Miss Dickinson's place, we should only be too glad to let Miss Potter advertise us as much as she wanted to.

THERE is a strong resemblance between the Irish and the French, and this resemblance is especially marked among the lower orders of the two nations. Not only in general looks alone does this similarity exist, but also in temper, taste and a thousand and one little personal peculiarities. This state of things may at first strike an observer as odd, but a little reflection will serve to show that it is in no wise strange, as both the Irish and the French are of Celtic extraction, and both have preserved in a remarkable degree the original marks of the mother race.

MUSIC—that is good music—is certainly a great harmonizer, and playing and singing surely fine accomplishments, but the majority of those who play and sing—of course we allude to amateurs and not professionals—go to work too superficially to produce anything more artistic than a mere Babel of sounds. Music, to be effective and altogether pleasing, even in the home circle where criticism is not exacting, should be harmonious, and not convey the impression of "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh." Of course, the amateur does not need to study the intricate theories of music, but a correct method, both in playing and singing, is absolutely necessary, if the player or singer would not become the tailed kind of nuisance to everybody within earshot. There is a sort of "familiar science" connected with music that can be grasped without trouble by all amateurs, and should meet with due attention at their hands. By thoroughly comprehending this "familiar science," and reducing it to practice, many who are now classed as mere "drummers" and "screamers" would grow to be, at least, acceptable players and singers.

CYCLORAMIC views of large cities are now greatly in vogue. They are pretty to look at and really instructive, giving, as they do, a fuller and better idea of the cities represented than can be obtained from any other source, outside of actual observations of the cities themselves. There is one trouble connected with these cycloramas, however, and that is that the parties who deliver what is technically called the "lecture" (in other words, the description of the painting,) usually hurry through with their work in such a manner that it is impossible to follow them with any degree of satisfaction. Hence if one does not know the localities, or has not a guide book with explanatory diagrams handy, the cycloramas generally leave behind them a vague impression of their beauty, and that is all. It is certainly a great pity that the lecturers do not realize the fact that they should make themselves heard and understood by all the spectators.

DROWNED.

The flashing light-house beacon pales before
The steady harvest moon's insistent ray,
That bathes, and changes into sparkling ore,
Its stones of granite gray.

Round the tall brigs the greedy ripple laps,
As with the ebbing tide they softly swing;
A shore belated sea-bird slowly flaps
His strong pinioned dusky wing.

The pier-lights, imaged on the waters, melt
To silver pillars, such as visions show
Of palaces where fabled Caliphs dwell
In legends long ago.

A single boat steals down the moonlit track—
Through the still night its oar-strokes echo far;
Fringed with cleft light, the outline sharply black—
Heaves on the harbor bar.

What strange freight fills it? Yonder heavy sail
Covers some form of blurr'd and shapeless dread;
Rude is the pall, but filled well to veil
The ocean's outcast dead.

His name, his story? Vain it were to guess.
But short to sum: a waif, a mystery;
Death's arching glass upon life's loveliness;
A secret of the sea.

WOMAN AND ARTISTE;

OR,

Adelaide Ristori and the Marquis del Grillo.

Translated from the German.

BY E. J. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE SACRIFICE OF ART.

The Apollo Theatre in Venice was thronged with the art-loving world of the city of Lagunes to witness the appearance of a new theatrical star of the first magnitude.

Adelaide Ristori, the only tragic actress, who, subsequently, was regarded as an equal of Rachel, performed in Giacometti's drama of "Pia de Tolomei;" and by the natural truth and passion style of her acting, excited the audience to the loudest applause. Wreaths of flowers, and of laurel, were showered on the stage, and after almost every scene was the triumphant artiste called out.

Born in humble life, Adelaide had very early to battle for existence. Poverty stood at her cradle, and Care swept as a dark cloud through the heaven of her childhood.

With iron energy she had opened her way to the theatre. She knew that she had mimic talent, and she determined to spare no effort to make it available. She had begun to play when quite young at the small theatres, in minor pieces, and gradually rose to higher parts until she finally became the leading actress at the chief theatres of Italy.

Her rare beauty was an important aid to her success. The classic purity and regularity of her features, her fine Grecian profile, her dark glowing eyes, and the symmetry and graceful proportions of her person prepossessed all hearts in her favor. She had, besides, a beautiful, clear and well-modulated voice. It was no wonder, with all these attractions, that Mademoiselle Ristori soon became the ruling planet in the theatrical firmament.

In one of the boxes, nearest the stage, sat a young, elegantly-dressed gentleman, who jealously watched every movement of the artiste. Every time that the house shook with the tumultuous applause, an expression of anxiety and anger settled on his somewhat aristocratic features, and once, as a peculiarly significant and tasteful bouquet fell directly before the actress, he involuntarily made a threatening movement. He seemed as if he would leap down among the mass of spectators, and call the too ardent admirer to account for his zealous homage.

The last act had begun. Adelaide had to perform in it the part of an insane person. It was her greatest piece of acting. It was known that, to perfect herself, she had studied insanity, at the risk of her life, in mad houses. The wild enthusiasm which

to my art. It is to me more than all else," she answered in an excited tone.

"Good; I will go, Adelaide!" He professed her his hand. "But do not think that I will renounce any of my rights. The wife's place is at the side of her husband, in his own house."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You are excited, Guiliano; you reprove me, because I aim at a higher task than to be an excellent housewife. You are disappointed, and if you think you cannot forgive the steps I have taken, sunder then the chains and set me free. Give me up; think no more of me, and pronounce my name no more. But as to my truth—the truth I promised you—that will remain unchanged. I will never belong to any other than yourself. And mark it, Guiliano, the most loved wife who is hourly and daily at the side of her husband, cannot love more or be truer than I am."

He stood awhile reflecting, and his countenance lit up. Was it truth, what his wife said?

She went up to him and soothingly took his hand.

"Do not think that my art had no share in my love," she whispered in a gay tone; "I will indeed love you as strongly as in the happy time when, with long hope, you paid your addresses to me. I will always appear new to you, and always worthy of your homage, to-day in this character and tomorrow in that. Oh, men are so changeable! Come, Guiliano. Let me entreat you to help me to attain the object of my ambition—to be the first in art, the highest in love. My heart belongs to the world, my heart to you. If your eyes are not yet opened, go then, and leave me to pursue my own way. It will never be all dark, so long as there is a hearth where I can find rest by my talent. For, finally, art is the blazing star whose friendly gleams elevate us above the pains of unhappy love!"

In a raptured enthusiasm he embraced and kissed her face, and seizing her hand, covered it with burning kisses. "I shall follow you, glorious wife!" he exclaimed in joyous excitement. "I shall follow you wherever you go; for I see it clearly that you are a woman whose whole soul is devoted to art, and who will be great in it, and great also in her love."

They fell into each other's arms, and signed a bond of reconciliation. A few days after, Adelaide Ristori traveled to Paris in company with her husband, to perform there her celebrated parts. How fame has attached itself to her, how the first cities of the world have honored her, and how, in the French capital itself, she has been regognized as the equal of Rachel herself, is but too well known. But less than her rare genius for the stage is known her excellent heart, whose qualities have added to her exalted reputation as a dramatic artist, that of being one of the purest, best and loveliest of women.

Ever since, her husband has been her companion in the theatrical tours she has made throughout the length and breadth of both the Old and New Worlds. He has witnessed her triumphs, and with respectful homage paid to her virtues in the highest circles of society. The glory of her talents has reflected lustre on his own name, and he is justly proud of one who, in her own person, unites the highest artistic genius with the most devoted affection as a wife.

HOUSES BUILT OF PAPER.

We sometimes hear of building houses on paper, but building a house of paper is something of a novelty. Yet there is a large manufactory in Wisconsin that keeps three mills constantly running on building paper, having capacity for the making of sixteen tons per day. The business was started by a Yankee, of course, or rather by two of them. As long ago as 1857 the company began the manufacture of paper for building. The idea that paper could be cheaply and advantageously used in the erection of buildings—especially of the home of the prairie farmer on the bleak plains of the Northwest—originated with them. They expended money freely in mills, machinery, patents, and experimenting, believing they had discovered the most effective and cheapest method for making a building warm, dry and healthy, and that the paper would meet with public favor and find ready sale. They have now been manufacturing it nine years, and during that time have made and sold more than twelve thousand tons. It has been tested under fire, circumstances, and has been a decided success. The paper used for building purposes is a thick, hard paste-board, wound in rolls of twenty-five to a bundle, pounds each, and usually thirty-two inches wide. While in process of manufacture it is subjected to a pressure of hundreds of tons, which compressed the fibres together into one solid body, thus making an absolutely air-tight sheet, and, as paper is one of the best nonconductors known, it resists the action of both heat and cold, and as a building lined with it is made warm in winter, and cool in summer. It does not shrink like lumber, and is not affected by frost, cold, heat, or dampness, and it is known that it will not burn as readily as wood on account of its hardness and solidity, and by its use a house can be made almost, if not absolutely, tight. It is far better for the retention of warm air in a building than an inch board.

UNCLE WILL attended Bible-class one day last week. The lesson was the account of the legion of devils who were cast out of the man and entered into the herd of swine. Being asked his opinion of the special lesson taught, he said: "I think it shows that one man can stand more devils in him than a whole herd of swine can."

ELEVATED AND PURE.

When a publication has endured fifty years, and enters upon its second half-century of its existence in behalf of a better class than it ever before been, it is not undue praise to say that it has been most successful. This is precisely what the SATURDAY EVENING POST has done. Away back in the dim years of the third decade of our century it began its career of victorious course. Since that time it has changed owners, changed hands when cash prices, but never changed its name or its aim; the former was then the same as it is now; the latter was high—to instruct—and it has not deteriorated. If we were to point out the distinctive features of the paper, which we believe to have contributed much to its success, we should name, first of all, its eschewal of the sensational in its novels and tales. We do not mean that it has nothing save articles of a "good" nature—articles which should be found nowhere save in the infantile toy-books —but that its contents are elevated in tone and pure in their tendency. We have sometimes wished that it would cease to be so purely literary and venture into the fields of art and science. This might at first appear like instituting an innovation, but the readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST are of a class of people that would, we believe, enjoy the innovation. ORLANDO BENNETT, Publisher, Philadelphia.—*Tolland Co.*, (Conn.) *Press*.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER HEARD FROM.

WEST BROOKFIELD, Mass., April 2, 1877.

Mr. Orlando Bennett:

DEAR SIR.—I enclose my $2d annual subscription to the POST. The paper is as welcome now, and appreciated as fully, as in the years past. Wishing you all success, I am

Yours truly,
HARRISON HATHAWAY.

THE SWEETEST TIME TO LOVE.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

The sweetest time to love is when
The wine-faced violets, in the glen,
Whisper to the tender Spring
That Summer's tired of slumbering.

The sweetest time to love is then;
But 'tis as sweet to be loved when
White Winter driven the birds away,
And stops the dancing brooklet's play.

There is no time to love then, when
We cannot find a pleasant glen,
Nor think our love may go,
Laughing off the clinging snow!

A TRAMP;

OR

FORGIVEN.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

There was a knock at the door and she opened it.

A man stood there confronting her—a man in tattered garments, pale with deadweariness, unshaven, ragged, wretched.

He stared at her.

She felt an indefinable tremor as she gazed at him: but she knew him not. He said:

I suppose you can let me have a little something to eat, madam——"

She was about to close the door in his face and double-lock it, when something impelled her to answer him kindly.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm alone. My husband has gone to town. I'm afraid I can't."

"Can't!" he ejaculated with a low laugh. "Can't! Oh! be—well so be it, then. However, I'm not quite so hungry now, after all, since I've seen you. You've got something of the angel about you, ma'am. I know it. I feel it."

"Stop!" she cried, as she saw him withdraw. "Come in!"

He looked around at her in bewildered surprise, and said:

"You don't mean it?"

"I do. Come in. I will give you what I can! I don't know you; but I see you are suffering, and God will aid me in whatever I do. There can be no harm! Come in!"

He hesitated a moment and looked at her with such a searching, pathetic look as utterly unnerved her. A tear trickled down her beautiful face.

"Thank you" he said, in a low voice, as he entered and removed his hat reverently. "You are an angel, madam."

"You are tired!" she said.

"Yes, madam!"

"And hungry!"

"Not very. I'd like a glass of water, though, if you please. Show me where the pump is."

"You shall have coffee."

"No, no, lady! angel lady; you mustn't! I'm a tramp—a vagabond, a beggar, an outcast. Why do you receive me here? I may be a thief or a murderer."

"Not so bad as that I hope," was her reply as she turned to leave the room. "Sit down there by the table and wait till I return! You shall have something to eat."

They stared at each other for a single instant. She with a strange, unaccountable thrill of the heart, trying to recognize this shaggy, pallid, weary man, yet longing in vain and yet half-conscious that she had seen his face somewhere, at some time in the vague past. He with a dim hope that a dream, but a precious reality; a part of his past, perhaps, yet he could not tell. She saw in him a miserable man of tatters, a foot-worn outcast, black with grime, smudged with dust, eyes bloodshot and veins swollen. She saw in him a face that shone with a soul, an intellect and a heart that were expressed through the mask of misery. He saw in her a supple, graceful figure, a pale happiness, a sweet, sweet face, eyes full of emotion, and heart, and sense, and soul.

She passed from the room, and he still stared after her. Then he glanced around the room.

A snug apartment it was. A picture of itself. A bright fire, pictures, flowers, a ticking clock on the mantel, a cradle in the corner.

"A baby, eh?" he muttered, looking at the cradle and lifting the small coverlid from the child's face; "a pretty baby and a cosy home. I might have had such a home once. Let it go! I've no business here, though: miserable fool and wretch."

She entered at this moment. Mrs. Alice Kewby, the good angel, entered and brought with her a cup of coffee and a piece of bread and meat, and set them before the stranger and turned to go.

"Thanks—thanks!" he murmured. His voice was husky. "But stop a moment, please—angel madam, stop!"

She paused and looked at him.

"I daren't eat this. It's too good for me. To tell you the truth, I've no business here. I'm a tramp. I'm used to being hungry, jogging along till I'm lame, and sleeping along roadsides. I—I can't stand this. It's too much. I've such a lump in my throat, madam, and if I eat anything. My heart will burst. I must go. You're too good—too good. I mustn't stay."

He rose up suddenly and staggered towards the door.

She was bewildered at his words and manner. She fancied she had done wrong. She feared she had given hospitality to a madman. She was brave and as tender as brave. She spoke soothingly.

"Sit down; eat your victuals; drink your coffee. It is nice and warm. You do not feel well, I should think, that is all. My husband will be here soon. He will see that you are cared for for the night. Sit down!"

"My God!" he groaned as he sank into his chair again. "My God!" Then, conscious that he was betraying his intense anguish too plainly, he continued: "My limbs ache so; I have walked all the way from Attleburgh."

"What!" she cried, as a sudden flame of color shot over her face; "from Rettsburg?"

"Yes, madam. Walked all the way——"

She interposed.

"Do you belong there—are you from Rettsburg?"

"Yes, madam."

"Have you friends there?"

"Plenty."

"Why didn't you stay there? Drink your coffee while it is hot."

He took a gulp of the smoking beverage and answered:

"I'm a rolling stone, and I'm a rolling stone on the side of a hill, bound to roll, bound to roll down—down—down to perdition. Nothing can stop me now."

"Don't talk so. Have faith! God will not forsake you! Things are not as bad as you imagine, I hope. But your journey this way on foot—why on foot? Why leave Rettsburg—your friends?"

"I can't stand still and starve. I'm tramping it for luck! Ah, ha!"

He laughed, a bitter laugh, and took a savage bite of bread.

"But your friends——"

He interrupted. "Went back on me."

"Had you no influence?"

"Plenty. The highest."

"And business?"

"Yes."

"And you forsook all? You were unfortunate there?"

"Very, madam!" he smote the table with his fist; "and I deserved to be. It's all my fault. I'm just as I was born—a fool—and I deserved the kicking my friends gave me. No matter; life's short. There's a cure for everything."

She hardly knew how to reply to him: he seemed so forlorn, so desperate. But she said:

"How came you to deserve such a fate at the hands of your friends? Surely you have been guilty of no crime?"

"No, ah! no! Circumstances ruled me. Men are like the mercury in the thermometer—victims of circumstance and sensitive to temperatures."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, madam, that when the air's hot, the mercury rises. I can't help it. My blood's like mercury. I'm angered in an instant. I struck my best friend."

"How? For what?"

"For letting the woman I loved fall in love with him. That's why! After my mother's death I yearned for somebody to love, and after awhile I did find somebody who shall be nameless, whom I loved to desperation, because this good friend cut me out. I was his employer, too. He was my clerk. We were rivals. I met him one night at her house, in her presence, in the parlor, in the sight of her, and a hot fit of fury I struck him, laid him out flat before me on the carpet, senseless as death itself. My God! To make matters worse, I discharged from my employ the man I had injured."

He looked up at her, and saw a fearful change in her face. She was pale; she was visibly trembling.

"And she? Did she love you for that action?" she murmured in a subdued voice, apparently with an effort.

"She!" he cried rising from the table and looking so fierce, so terrible, so inhuman, as to frighten her into crouching nearer the wall. "She drove me to where I am today—a tramp—an outcast!"

Mrs. Kewby held up her hand resolutely, valiently, and faced him in his mad mood, and spoke gently but decidedly:

"You must leave this house at once! Do not stop an instant. Come back tomorrow morning when my husband is here. Or leave me your address. Where do you go?"

"Go? ah, ha,—from here? Into the depths again. I have no address, angel madam. I don't know where I am going."

"You must not stay here an instant though. I am sorry, but you mustn't. Go! Call to-morrow morning."

"I will," he replied doggedly, "just to see your face again. I oughtn't to have come here, madam." He was strangely subdued by the glance of her eye. "I would not have come hither but that you were an angel alluring me,—to peace, comfort, all the blessings that I have thrown away—thrown away. God, I am miserable."

She was agitated with a strange fear. She seemed oppressed with a sense of calamity.

"Go!" she exclaimed. "At once!"

He made no reply but moved to the door and passed out muttering. When he got into the road he looked back at her, and saw her still staring after him as one stares in delirium.

Not long after this her husband drove up to the door.

"Arthur!" she cried to him, her face brightening as she kissed him, "look down the road there—there. Do you see that man limping along and looking back?"

"That beggar—yes. What of it?"

"I'll tell you, husband," she went quickly. "He is a poor fellow that came here for a mouthful of something to eat. He's a man of brain and heart, too, and has seen better days. A pity that he has. If you love me, Arthur, do me a favor. Promise me something."

"Well, well?"

"Help him for my sake, for God's sake, for the sake of God's blessing upon us both. Promise me?"

"Of course! Why are you so interested in him?"

"Because I pity him. He will be here in the morning. Do what you can for him, will you?"

"Anything for your sake, darling; but tell me what does it mean?"

"This," she answered, throwing her arms about his neck. "He was rich, honored, loved once. He was your friend—you were his clerk. He struck you—left you for dead, fifteen years ago——"

"What! David Melton?" the man looked aghast. "David Melton, of Rettsburg?"

"Yes," she answered. "That is he."

"He loved you once?"

"I never loved anybody but you, Arthur. I pity him. Keep your promise!"

"You recognized him then?"

"Not at first. When he told me his story I did. He never knew me. Will you help him."

"I will, darling. He did me wrong, but I forgive him—as God does—and as God has prospered me, so will I lend a hand to him—secure him a situation, make him happy for my Alice's sake."

And he kissed her and kept his word.

FRONTIER HEROISM.

Montana has been a Territory only thirteen years, but already has had a Historical Society for twelve of them, which has just issued its first volume. Its chief interest centres in mining adventures, especially of the remarkable character, James Stuart. His journal of the disastrous Yellowstone expedition of 1863, annotated by two of his surviving comrades, exceeds in pioneer romance anything in "Poker Flat" and produced Stuart's hand was attacked at night by Indians, and several were killed outright. One man who was badly shot, blew out the brains of as not to be a burden to his retreating comrades; and another, named Geery, who accidentally shot himself, insisted in following his example. Putting the muzzle of his pistol to his breast, "He was about to fire the fatal shot, when Jim said, 'For God's sake, Geery, don't; but if you will do it, don't shoot yourself there, it will only prolong your agony. If you must do it, place the pistol to your temple.' To which Geery replied, 'Thanks Jim, and may God bless you all and take you all safe out of this.' As he placed the pistol to his temple, the men with weeping eyes and full hearts, turned to walk away, as they could not bear to see him fire. He pressed the trigger, and the cap only exploded. I then appealed to him, saying, 'Geery, for God's sake, don't; this is a warning.' To which he paid no attention, nor made any reply, but rather seemed to be soliloquizing, and said, 'I know not what to think of that, it never snapped before.' Cocking his pistol again, he engaged a few minutes in mental prayer, and again pulled the trigger that launched him to eternity."

FOSSIL MEN.

Men of science in their eagerness to support a theory are apt to fall into mistakes. They reason honestly enough, but from too narrow a basis of facts. For example, the skeleton of a man is found imbedded in limestone. That man must have lived in the geological period, long before the commencement of human record. This theory looks well, but is not satisfactory. We do not know at what time the limestone, which was originally a loose substance, assumed the rocky form. Here is a case in point.

At the western end of the geological galleries of the British Museum may be seen a human skeleton imbedded in a block of limestone brought from Guadeloupe. At first sight this would seem to be a silent but unimpeachable witness to the remote antiquity of our race. On investigation, however, the fossil man is found to be in this point of view a bearer of most unreliable testimony. All fossils are necessarily very old, and this skeleton is comparatively a modern one. The limestone in which it is imbedded is a very rapidly formed deposit of corals and small shells bound together by a kind of natural calcareous cement. The remains are those of an Indian, whose death is placed by some authorities at as recent a period as two hundred years ago. The same rock often contains remains of unmistakably recent origin. In England, a coin of Edward I. has been found imbedded in it; in France, a cannon buried in this out. I was his employer, too. He was my clerk. We were rivals. I met him one night at her house, in her presence, in the parlor, in the sight of her, and a hot fit of fury I struck him, laid him out flat before me on the carpet, senseless as death itself. My God! To make matters worse, I discharged from my employ the man I had injured."

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In 1848, some human bones were found imbedded in the rocks on the shores of Lake Monoon in Florida. It was reported at the time that they took was a coralline limestone; and on this basis Agassiz and Lyell assigned to the fossil men an age of at least ten thousand years. But this claim to this venerable antiquity was unfortunately exploded by a discovery which showed that the evidence on which it rested was false. Fourtales, the original discoverer, came forward to rectify the mistake. The rock in which the bones lay was not the old water sandstone, which contains (beside the bones) large numbers of shells of precisely the same species as those still indigenous to the lake.

So far we have dealt only with errors resulting from imperfect information or too hastily drawn inferences. But there are cases in which, as we have said, an uneducated man has succeeded in deceiving a geologist in his own special line of study. The well-known jaw of Moulin Quignon is a case in point. Every one has heard of M. Boucher de Perthes' careful explanation of the gravels of the Somme Valley, which resulted in the discovery of thousands of flint implements, the handiwork of primitive man in Western Europe. But up to 1863, M. Boucher de Perthes had found no human remains in the gravel, though it had been predicted that such would be found; and he was naturally anxious to make the discovery. He had offered a reward for this purpose to the workmen of the different gravel-pits in the valley. Several attempts had been made to deceive him with false discoveries, but in every case his special knowledge had saved him from falling into a trap. At length he and many others with him were completely deceived by the cunning workmen. In 1863, a quarryman at Moulin Quignon, near Abbeville, came to M. Boucher de Perthes with the news that he had laid bare a human bone in the gravel. He had left it undisturbed, in order that the Professor might himself examine it *in situ*, and explore the surrounding deposit for further remains. M. de Perthes and those of his friends went to the spot. Half imbedded in the gravel—a bed of pebbles stained a dull red by the presence of iron in the deposit—they found a human jawbone with several teeth still in position, the whole stained like the surrounding gravel. Close by was a flint hatchet.

As soon as the news of the discovery reached England, a number of English men of science visited Abbeville. To the doubts which they expressed as to the genuineness of the discovery, M. de Perthes replied that he had himself removed the jaw-bone from the undisturbed bed of gravel, and that the workmen who had uncovered it were men of irreproachable character. Two conferences of French and English geologists were held, one at Paris, the other at Abbeville; the bone and teeth were carefully examined; and though many were not fully satisfied, the general impression was that the discovery was a genuine one. M. de Quatrefages expressed his opinion that it might be regarded as "the first human fossil ever discovered except in a cave." But among the English geologists there were some who were not so easily convinced. One of the teeth was brought to London and subjected to microscopical examination; and it was shown that there were no signs of mineral infiltration into its structure. The tooth was like one from a recent grave. The jawbone when sawn across at Paris had emitted the odor of fresh bone. It was pointed out that the edges of the flints found with it were quite sharp and fresh; there were no signs of rounding or rolling in an ancient river. The workmen were watched. It was discovered that they occasionally found means to introduce flint implements of the remarkable character. It was observed too that the reddish deposit on the bone could easily be imparted to the surface of the bones and flints by artificial means. Suspicion was then aroused in many quarters, when Mr. Rusk opened a Celtic grave not far from Moulin Quignon, and there found the skeleton of a Gallic warrior, *minus the lower jawbone*. The famous jaw of Moulin Quignon was all that was needed to make the skeleton a perfect one. For most men this knocked on the question of the genuineness of the discovery. But some still believe in it.

Another famous fossil is the "Calaveras Skull," alleged to have been found one hundred and fifty feet deep in the shaft of a gold mine at Angelos, in Calaveras county, California. The skull is said to come from the gold-bearing gravel; and in the strata above are no less than five beds of lava and other volcanic rocks. Professor Whitney secured the skull for the Museum of the Californian Geological Survey; but he is not the actual discoverer, and there is a pretty general impression that he was "bloated." Dr. Andrews of Chicago, investigated the matter, and gave evidence that the skull was taken by two of the miners from a cave in the valley, and placed in the gravel where it was found with a view to beat the officers of the Survey; and this would explain the fact that there are well-marked traces of stalagmite upon the skull. This "discovery" it was that suggested to the Californian humorist Bret Harte the idea of his stunning "Address to a Fossil Skull." Many of our readers are doubtless already familiar with it; they will pardon our quoting a few lines for those who are not. The poet's exordium is a solemn one:

Speak, O man less recent! fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lower-most depths below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa.

Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium,
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

He begs the skull to tell its story; what was its epoch; did its former possessor belong to the "missing links" or was he one of the carboniferous times; or did he live when "cheerful pterodactyls" might have circled over his head. An answer was vouchsafed:

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication
Ground the teeth together;

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with the expressed juices of the weed
Nicotine,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expostoration:

"Which my name is Bowers! and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County;
But I'll take it kindly if you'll send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

The bone caves have of course yielded numbers of ancient skulls—most of them, be it noted, of modern Indians, and many superior to savage skulls of the present day. The strangely deformed skull of the Neanderthal Valley (found near Dusseldorf) is thought by many to have been that of an idiot. It stands unique among ancient skulls. Even the famous skull of the Engis cavern, near Liege, is said by Professor Huxley to have "no mark of degradation about any part of its structure. It is in fact," he continues, "a fair average skull, which might have belonged to a philosopher, or might have contained the thoughtless brain of a savage."

But we must stop here, or we shall drift into the controversy on primitive man—rather too wide a subject to enter upon here. Let us merely note that among all the remains that we possess of primitive man, we have no vestige of that ape-man or missing-link which has so prominently in certain modern theories of the origin of man.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Hydrophobia has been known for 3,000 years, yet its cause is still a matter of speculation. It does not originate from heat, for dogs in the warmest climates, such as South Africa, Jamaica, West Indies, and South America, have never been affected by it. Want of water does not produce it, since dogs have been kept forty days without water and not gone mad. Insufficient and unwholesome diet are not the causes, because it is known that animals in a state of most ill-kept of the world, and rabies is unknown among them. Whether it is a spontaneous production in the dog, cat and wolf is also unsettled. The fact that in remote countries of the world, where the disease has never been communicated, its existence is unknown would imply that it must be acquired by communication, yet Murray, an eminent writer on the subject, and others, believe the contrary. Of the real nature of the virus little is known. It has never been analyzed. Though rabies in man is in most cases communicated by the bite of a dog, yet the symptoms are widely different. Man abhors and detests water with a spasmodic loathing, and the dog searches for it and drinks it with avidity. The statistics and experiments in hydrophobia are suggestive and interesting. In one district where 1,000 animals, as practiced by Herbert Hertwig, succeeded in only 23 per cent. of the animals operated upon, 71 escaping. According to Fatser's statistics, out of 145 persons bitten by rabid animals in Wurtemberg, only 28 had by hydrophobia. John Hunter records a case where, of 21 persons bitten by a mad dog, only one was affected. Again we hear of 114 persons bitten by mad wolves, 97, or more than one half, fell victims. In France in 1882, a commission was appointed to examine into the subject of rabies, and of 130 cases in human subjects, 105 were from the bite of dogs, 20 from the bite of wolves 8 from bite of cats, and 5 unknown. In 69 cases where the saliva of rabid animals, in which the weakest is clear, in the San Francisco Post:

Not one in a thousand of the readers of Frank Leslie's publications know that Jack Harkaway is a real character, and that the proprietor's real name is Henry Carter.

Once on a time Alex Ramsay used to be a theatrical manager. Since then he has had circles, but latterly Jack Gilbert has appropriated that honor unto himself.

Capt. Eads' jetty scheme (jetty-sell concert) in New York the other night. His farewell concert has become such an institution that it is thought he will have to give another.

The blow Weed looks eighty years old, and is very feeble. He lives quietly in a handsome house on the corner of Forty-Fifth Avenue New York. The house is remarkable for the display of flowers in the windows.

Miss May Alcott, the sister of Louisa Alcott, the well-known author, is an expert engine Turner better than any other artist in this country. She seems to have a pathetic fondness for artificial flowers, and likes to learn the destinations of all of her pictures when sold.

The Duchess of Magenta, wife of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic, has taken the initiative in a very commendable undertaking. Under her direction a society is being formed, having for its object to assist young girls from ten to fifteen years of age, who are without work. A number of French ladies of distinction are interesting themselves in this charitable affair.

PERSONAL.

—WILLIAM the Confessor" is the latest title attached to Tweed.

In Nantucket children in swaddles putting his own face against the figures of 4.

LAURA D. FAIR, the fair criminal and student of California, has gone into bankruptcy.

CHARLES READE, the novelist, dear of thirsty, says that paragraphing is a fine art.

The President of the United States Mortgage Company is appropriately quartered at Chicago.

HALSTEAD differs George Francis Train as to nothing and nearly as to everything.

The era of reform has dawned at last. Eli Perkins has gone to the Black Hills. Americ ca expects every Indian to be his duty.

How John A Kasson, the new minister to Austria, will look in his court dress at Muscatine, Iowa, is a point to be some uneasiness laugh.

Edwin Adams, the actor, looks like the late Edwin Forrest, and is often mistaken for him when the weather is clear, in the San Francisco Post.

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LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. S. R. WELLS & Co., New York, have just published a timely volume entitled "How to Raise Fruits," by Thomas Gregg. It is one of this firms' admirable "How Series," and, in the compass of one hundred and eighty-three well-printed pages, gives full and understandable instructions relative to fruit culture. It is a careful digest of the experience and matured wisdom of the best fruit-growers, and as such will prove valuable not only to amateurs but also to the practical pomologist. Its illustrations are numerous and add vastly to the value of the work. The book is bound in cloth, 12mo. size, and is sold for the low price of one dollar.

MESSRS. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, will shortly issue "A History of Protection in the United States," by Prof. W. G. Sumner; "Letters by Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen," edited by Wm. Hanna, D. D.; "Church Papers," essays relating to the church and Christian society, written from Geneva, by Rev. Leonard W. Bacon; "My Soldier," a new novel by Miss Warner; "The Question of Rest for Women," by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi; a new novel by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond; also a series of sermons of representative Protestant preachers, to be published under the general title of "Pulpit Teachings on Great Subjects."

"COUNTRY QUARTERS," the Countess of Blessington's fine novel, is the initial volume of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bro's. new dollar series of choice works of fiction. It is elegantly gotten up in blue and gold, and contains as much reading matter as any ordinary two dollar book. The story itself, whilst not to any extent sensational, is yet sprightly and fascinating. The plot is thoroughly interesting and the characters well drawn. The scene is laid partly in Ireland, where an English regiment has taken up "Country Quarters" in a small village, and partly in England. The work is a love tale, and the varied experiences of Grace O'Neill and Honor O'Flaherty are very pleasantly told.

Messrs. John Pennington & Son, of this city, are well-known as large importers of works in the French language. They import direct from Paris, and are constantly in receipt of the latest and best novels that strike attention in the French capital. Besides, the Messrs. Pennington keep on hand a full stock of standard French publications of all kinds. They are also the agents for E. J. L. Gupot's black and colored inks, known to the world since 1862 under the name of "Petite Vertu." These inks have long been employed in France for keeping the public records, as they are indelible and not affected by the atmosphere. They run smoothly, look finely, and are well calculated to give universal satisfaction.

ONE of the most extensive and enterprising publication houses in this city is that of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, whose large and the business place of business is one of the prominent ornaments of Market street. This firm issue a great variety of excellent works of all description, including many standard educational volumes. They are particularly encouraging to native authors, whose best and most attractive productions they generally get out. Besides their own publications, Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger always keep in stock all the most popular books of the day, as well as standard works of reference and classics. The visitor to their establishment is courteously waited upon, and invariably meets with the most polite attention.

WE would call especial attention to the "Star Series" of novels, published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., and advertised in another column of the POST. Three volumes of this series have been issued, viz: "Courtship in 1720 and 1820," "Storm-Driven," and "Olivia Raleigh." We have already reviewed these works, but again refer to them on account of their pronounced merit. Everybody, with a taste for excellent stories, should read them. They are bound in extra cloth, 16mo. size, and are sold for one dollar a volume. The Messrs. Lippincott have recently purchased the plates and became the publishers of Worcester's Dictionaries. Worcester is by many of the most celebrated scholars and literary people of the land accepted as the standard, and his worth as a careful and reliable lexicographer is fully appreciated wherever the English language is spoken or read.

NEW MUSIC.—From the liberal and enterprising publishers, Mr. Louis Meyer, 1411 Chestnut Street, we have received a copy of a new Irish ballad called "Maureen Mavourneen," the words of which are by Frank H. Wade, and the music by Ralph Hoffman. These two gentlemen are so well known as among the most favorite and successful song writers now before the public, that their names are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of any production which bears them. When we say of "Maureen Mavourneen" that it is the best of all the many beautiful songs by Wade and Roland, we have paid it the highest compliment which it is in our power to bestow. The words possess a remarkable depth of tenderness and feeling, and appeal directly to the heart, while the music is admirably adapted to them, and shows the hand of a true artist. It is such a song which will become stale and hackneyed, but belongs to that standard class which never wears out. Concert singers will find it a superb concert song.

The following new pieces have reached us from Messrs. White, Smith & Co., music publishers, Boston, Mass.: "Yawoh Sirano," a taking Dutch song, by C. A. White; "Telephone March," by E. Mack, difficult but pleasing; "Diesel's German Hymn," with varied ons, by Eben H. Bailey, artistic and graceful composition; "The Piano King Grand March, by Chas. D. Blake, majestic in movement and very harmonious; and "All De Darkies Gettin Up," a real plantations song and chorus by Jim Grace, the well known negro minstrel.

It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with our unbelief, and we feel vindictive in the degree with which doubts of the chance of finding forgiveness.

ASTHOLD IS WARE OF A FINE HEAD OF HAIR should use Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic. It will excite the scalp to healthy action, cleanse it from scurf and dandruff, prevent the hair from falling out, cure eruptive diseases of the scalp, and in most cases produce a fine growth of new hair. As a dressing, no better preparation can be had for imparting a rich and glossy appearance to the hair.

IMPORTANT

EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

The spring has less of brightness,
Every year,
And the summer a gladder whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer's flowers quicken
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken
As they come old, fair, or sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart is growing older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less enhancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year,
Of the joys of friendship ended,
Every year,
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My tuffirmities remind me,
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us,
Every year,
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year!
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have added,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year,
Come to new ones in their places,
Every year,
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Thank God! no clouds are shifting
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

My First Patient;

OR,

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Six years ago to-day? Impossible! But it is, though, for you are thirty-two to-day, and you were only twenty-six then, John Preston. I never look back to the year following my twenty-sixth birth-day without an involuntary prayer that I may never have such another year's trouble and despair to go through.

Six years ago to-day I took a temporary leave of my dear mother, and made my real start in life. As I seated myself in the comfortable first-class carriage—my mother's arrangement—"First impressions, my dear boy," she had said, "are everything"—and, with my paper open on my knee, left the unending bustle and noise of the modern Babylon behind, my mind dwelt in anticipation on the new life before me, and my news-sheet dropped disregarded.

Would my dear father, had he lived, have approved of this start of mine in life? Should I accomplish, or be nearer accomplishing, my desire to make a name and standing in my profession by its means? What kind of people should I encounter in the course of my professional duties, and would any of the said people condescend to admit the struggling young doctor into the select circle of their intimate acquaintance? These and a thousand and one other conjectures kept my mind fully occupied during the hour and a half's ride between Paddington and my destination, Cokesham, a picturesque and old-world village nestling on the banks of Father Thames some few miles beyond the reach of the first rush of London holiday makers.

Six months before I should have started with nothing but bright hopes on my journey, and without one regret to shadow my future. As it was—well, it could hardly be called a regret, for this country practice might enable me the sooner to decide for my ultimate happiness or misery, instead of remaining in town taking friends' practice during their occasional holidays, as I had been doing for two or three years. It was while engaged in the last of these undertakings that I had found cause for my present regret at leaving London. My old friend Fred Hughes, who had been fortunate enough to step into his father's practice upon his retirement, called on me one morning, full of his intended trip into North Wales.

"I should be off this day week if I could only get some one to look after my patients just for three weeks; the worst of it is that everybody else is either off too or just going off. Do you think you could do it for me, old boy?"

"Certainly," I replied, "if my mother does not mind putting off her visit to Hastings for that time."

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that, you know."

"Nonsense," I said; "we can go afterwards, but unless you go now I know you won't be able to go at all when your patients are back in town."

"You are a trump!" exclaimed Fred, giving my hand a mighty squeeze. "Let me know for certain to-night."

So it was settled that we were to defer our visit until Fred had returned from his fishing expedition.

My duties as substitute were not very heavy, as a large proportion of Fred's patients were, like himself, taking their annual holiday. One morning a hurried little note was forwarded to me, from his surgery, requesting Mr. Talbot's immediate attendance at 15 Colville Square, and signed "M. Bertram." Fearing something serious, I started at once, and on my arrival found the household in a state of anxious excitement.

"Mrs. Mason is at home, and has left the children under their governess, Miss Bertram, and the two younger ones are certainly sickening of some fever," the housemaid informed me, upon opening the door.

Miss Bertram, when she heard from my inquiries who I was, came forward to meet me. Shall I draw a word-picture? From my own memory it is impossible. It would be composed of sweet hues and nameless graces—the features of a person form, after all, such a very small part of her individuality. But I have a miniature, and that I can describe to you. A sweet, pensive, clear, oval-shaped face looks at you with kind, thoughtful hazel eyes, which often look back from the shade of heavy lashes—but that is not in the miniature—the mouth is gentleness and firmness combined—face combination! Looking at it, you would naturally infer that the owner thereof was a person to be obeyed simply because it was a pleasure to obey her, and this latter fact would in no degree weaken the former; delicate but perfectly-marked eyebrows complete the face, which, framed in rippling bands of deep-brown hair, smiles at me whenever I open my case to feast on its contents. Must I confess my weakness, or have I not already confessed it? Looking back, I know that I loved her there and then, as I stood talking in the hushed shadowy hall. I did not know then why it was that I felt such tender pity for her in her responsible position—I did not know why in addressing her I involuntarily dropped my voice in emulation of her own soft tones, or why, in meeting her eyes, mine took an earnest expression, no matter how trivial the subject under discussion.

Each day found me hastening to my anxious duties like a schoolboy to his play, and, when Mrs. Mason returned at the end of ten days and found her darlings on the road to recovery, thanks to the unwearied attention of their kind nurse, I awoke to the discovery that I loved deeply and passionately. No passing fancy for a beautiful face was this, but all-enduring love, such as a true man seldom feels but once in his life.

The days slipped by all too quickly until the return of Fred, rollicking and robust from his holiday, when there was no longer the slightest excuse for my daily visits to Colville Square. I heard from him of Mrs. Mason's departure for Ilfracombe with her family, and I lived on the hope of future meetings on their return. I hastened my mother home from Hastings a week sooner than she wished, greatly to her mystification, that I might not miss one chance of seeing my darling, for I had determined, short as our acquaintance had been, to ask her if she could care for me enough to wait for one year that I might make a home for her, to ask if she would consent to brighten the world for me, and me for the world—for one an object, an aim in life—to render myself worthy of her. After a week of patient waiting, I ventured to question Fred as to Mrs. Mason's movements, assuming a would-be air of *nonchalance*.

"Oh, they are in town again!" he said. "But that pretty governess is not with them"—this with a sidelong glance to think Mrs. Mason said something about family affairs and a runaway match—but that woman does run on so that I can never follow her."

I felt the treacherous blood leaving my face as I asked—

"Was Miss Bertram one of the parties concerned in the runaway match?"

"I don't think so," said Fred; "but I cannot assert anything, because I paid so little attention to what was said."

My old friend, had you known the hours of misery those heedless words would cause me, you would certainly, knowing so little, have said nothing. Weeks and months dragged on their weary length along, and found me still dwelling hopelessly on the improbability of ever meeting my darling again. Sometimes in my despair I almost resolved to write frankly to Mrs. Mason, asking the true particulars of Miss Bertram's departure, and stating my reasons for so doing. But would my worldly position justify such a step? Had I any right, supposing such a thing possible, to bind a beautiful and accomplished woman by a promise which she might not be called upon to fulfil for years? No—better that I should endure anything than claim such a sacrifice at the hands of the woman I loved.

Then this Cokesham practice was offered me on most advantageous terms by one of my father's old friends. More to please my mother than from any interest I felt in the future, I accepted it, and was now on my way to commence legitimately my professional career. My predecessor at Cokesham, Doctor Buck, remained a week with me.

"I must introduce you to your patients and some of their little peculiarities, for a knowledge of the latter is quite as essential to your success, my boy, as any diploma in the world."

The evening on which he left is still fresh in my memory. As I write, the scent of wood-violets, coming through my open window, takes me back to the walk to the station when I bade the kindly old man farewell. At last, then, I was "the Doctor," and during my walk home I experienced much the same sensation as on the occasion of my first visit to church alone—an overwhelming sense of the importance of the occasion, mingled with a strong desire that nobody should share with me the knowledge of the novelty of my position.

Events crowd on my memory as I look back to the first morning after Doctor Buck's departure. I was sitting over my solitary breakfast, wondering what the day would bring forth to take me out of myself, when a respectable servant-man came quickly up the walk, taste visible in every movement. "Now for my first patient," I said to myself, as he was shown in.

"Please, sir, Mr. Talbot says will you step up at once? His niece, Mrs. Freeman, is very bad with her heart—a swoon I think they called it."

"I will be there as soon as you," I said, looking round for my hat. "Which is Mr. Talbot's?"

"The large square stone house t'other end of the village, sir."

"Very well, I will come at once."

Benjamin Talbot is a member of the Society of Friends, and, in spite of his many eccentricities, is as true-hearted a gentleman as ever breathed. Though he lives rigidly by the rules of his sect himself, he always readily makes allowance for others' laxity, and his views upon things in general are invariably distinguished by the absence of all narrow-minded sectarian prejudices.

He came to meet me in the hall, his pleasant face clouded with anxiety, and at once burst into an ejaculatory explanation of matters entirely incomprehensible to me.

"Poor young thing—broken-hearted—no wonder—journey too much—never ought to have gone—only six months married."

At last, though not very satisfactory information, I interrupted him.

"Don't you think it would be better for me to see the lady at once?" I suggested.

"Yes, Doctor, yes. Come this way. But she is better now."

We crossed the hall and entered the room beyond, which was a drawing-room. At the far end reclining in a large easy-chair, was a lady in deep mourning, who rose languidly and turned as we came up the room. The machinery of my nervous system came to a stop altogether as I drew nearer and recognized my darling—my lost love—of whom I had never ceased to dream. Forgetful for the moment of everything but that we were once more face to face, I exclaimed—

"How happy I am to see you again!"

Then I suddenly thought that must be the Mrs. Freeman for whom I had been fetched; and the bitter knowledge that she was another man's wife rushed across me. I stood mark with misery, while an expression of the most unbounded astonishment crossed her face; and then I remembered her abrupt departure from Mrs. Mason's. Could there be any cause for mystery for silence as to the past? I stood waiting.

"Have you then met my niece before, Mr. Preston?" said Mr. Talbot, sharing the surprised expression on her face.

"No," I stammered. "That is, I thought——" Then, seeing she was determined not to acknowledge a previous acquaintance, I recovered my self-possession by a desperate effort. "I mistook Mrs. Freeman for some one else," I said, bowing. "She must excuse my mistake—indeed the likeness itself is sufficient excuse; it is marvellous."

She never flinched, but, with the old sweet smile, held out her hand, saying:

"I wish I could claim old acquaintance—it is always so pleasant to meet unexpectedly; but, as it is, I hope we shall soon be good, though not old friends."

I bowed—words would not come just then—this position of acting astonished me so that I became absolutely silent. I took her hand, glad of the few moments' respite, while I felt her pulse.

"She arrived only last night," said Mr. Talbot—"has been traveling, almost without stopping, all the way from the Cape, and I expect she has over-exerted herself. Eh, Mary?"

"Strain on the nervous system," I muttered through my parched lips. "Quietness, rest, and home will do wonders." Then, rising in a helpless way, I bade them good morning, and groped my way out of the house.

"Oh, Heaven," I cried, in the anguish of my heart, "why am I thus made the plaything of fate?"

I felt myself reeling, as the full misery of my position rushed across my mind, and instinctively caught at the railings of the house I was was passing to save myself from falling.

"John Preston," called a little cracked voice from the other side of the hedge, "what is the matter? Are you going to faint? Don't stand there in that dazed way—come in."

So saying, the Rector's sister, a kind little spinster, who had constituted herself my mother's deputy since the first night of my arrival, took me by the arm and led me like a child up the garden path to think me, into her own little sanctum. She insisted on my drinking a terrific dose of neat brandy, and began chafing my temples and hands vigorously, holding forth all the time on the dreadful inconvenience of my being ill.

"Just now of all times, when there is a charming young widow staying in the village too! Why, at the very moment you fainted outside my gate I was planning a nice little tea-party for the express purpose of introducing you to Mrs. Freeman. She is a most charming creature, I believe; and, to be a successful doctor, you know, you ought to be——"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed catching both her hands and fixing my eyes eagerly upon her face. "For Heaven's sake put an end to my misery! Is Mrs. Freeman the lady to whom you will me to marry the same person? For pity's sake don't keep me in suspense!" And in my excitement I almost shook the little woman.

"Really such a step!

IN DANGER.

BY UNCLE GEORGE.

Many years ago, when dense forests skirted the Pennsylvania shore of Lake Erie, and extended inland for miles and miles in unbroken majesty, whilst Red Jacket and his friendly Indian warriors still lingered in the vicinity of the town of Erie, one pleasant summer day a party of three small boys, under the guidance and direction of their father's colored servant, Jack, set out from the latter town for a day's hunt in the wilds for bee trees and blackberries.

These three boys, whose names were Robert, Edward and Adolph, were all of a daring and venturesome disposition, and the prospect of a trip to the unbroken forests suited them to a turn. Their ages were as follows: Robert, twelve; Edward, nine; and Adolph, or "Little Peekin," as he was endearingly called, only seven. Jack, the colored servant and commander of the expedition, was sixteen, and a taller youth than he never penetrated the woods.

The father of Robert, Edward and Adolph was an honored and brave officer in the United States Navy, and, at the time of which I write, was commander of the Navy Yard at Erie.

The boys set out with stout hearts and high hopes, Jack leading the way, and giving, occasionally, capital and life-like imitations of the orthodox Indian war-whoop.

The day could not have been better suited; it was hot, to be sure, but then the sky was without a cloud, and the forests, into whose tangled precincts they were shortly to plunge, were certain to be moist and cool.

The boys carried their dinners with them in a little basket; they had, besides, other baskets to contain the blackberries they might gather, and Jack wore a great hatchet in his huge leather belt, to mark the bee-trees.

Soon the party dove into the woods, following an Indian trail that led no one knew whither.

The boys were in an ecstacy of delight, everything was so novel and wild to them. Great trees, thick with luxuriant foliage, towered above them in all directions, and the air was loaded with millions of sweet perfumes from countless flowers. Giant vines, too, of almost every species, enclosed the trail on each side, and formed a natural wall, through which it was next to impossible to penetrate, without first clearing the way with axe or knife.

Robert, Edward and Adolph followed Jack, in Indian file, the sturdy colored lad encouraging his companions, from time to time, with confident assurances that he knew they must, before long, come upon blackberries galore and bee-trees by the hundred. At last a comparatively open spot was reached, and the little party paused to rest. Blackberries were indeed abundant there—they hung in great black ropes, on thick-stemmed bushes higher than a man's head, and were temptingly plump and big. An old bee-tree, filled by some unknown hunter, and but partially emptied of its honey, also lay in this open space.

After resting for a few minutes, Jack proposed to the boys that should fall to gathering berries, whilst he searched the immediate neighborhood for bee-trees. This proposition being agreed to, Robert, Edward and Adolph ran at once to the bushes, and Jack crashed off through the tangled vines.

Adolph soon wearied of picking the luscious fruit, or rather of cramming himself with it, (for the little fellow had put but few berries in his basket, whilst he had literally devoured thousands of them,) and, pleading fatigue, went to the fallen bee-tree, and sat down upon its immense trunk.

For a long time now Adolph was quiet, so extremely quiet that the other boys imagined him asleep, and paid no further attention to him, but went on gathering their blackberries, which employment they occasionally diversified by shouting aloud to Jack, who answered them, from time to time, from various parts of the woods.

At last, however, Robert proposed that he and Edward should suddenly spring upon their little brother, from the bushes, and startle him with a regular Indian yell.

No sooner said than done, but Adolph was not a bit startled; he merely looked up, and said quietly to his brothers:

"See what a pretty little dog I've got!"

He was still sitting on the trunk of the bee-tree, and he held in his lap a curious and playful small black animal.

Robert and Edward gazed at it in astonishment. They did not know what it was, but of one thing they were certain, and that was that it was not a dog!

What was it?

Just at this moment two more little creatures, the very counterparts of that Adolph held in his lap, ran out into the open space, and began playfully gamboling around.

In a second, Robert and Edward had captured them.

Jack now made his appearance upon the scene, shouting:

"I've found a fresh bee-tree, boys, and marked him—hurrah!"

The colored lad's face was aglow with triumph, but it assumed a look of black dismay the instant his eye rested on the little brutes in his companions' possession.

"They're bears!" he said, in horror.

The boys dropped their pets with the utmost precipitation.

Jack, casting a glance of alarm on each side of him, continued in a cautious tone:

"The old she-bear can't be far from her cubs, and it's my opinion, young gentlemen, we had better get away from here!"

At this juncture an ominous growl was heard near by, and crash, crash, went the bushes at no great distance.

"That's her!" whispered Jack, between his teeth. "Now run for yourselves!"

And away the now thoroughly frightened youngsters scampered, not catching a glimpse of the infuriated she-bear, as she appeared in the open space, and nosed her abandoned cubs.

The boys fled like the wind.

Suddenly a terrible sound saluted their strained ears—the bushes were crashing again!

The she-bear was in pursuit!

"Quicker, quicker, boys, or we are lost!" yelled Jack.

They redoubled their speed, the faithful colored lad catching up "Little Peekin," and carrying him on his back.

On, on they went, not daring to look behind.

The crashing in the rear continued, and roars and growls, nearer and nearer each moment, proclaimed the awful truth that the dreaded enemy was gaining upon them.

The flight had lasted for nearly an hour, when the whole party commenced to show signs of giving out.

The she-bear was now not more than ten short yards away.

The boys began to shudder—stout-hearted as they were, they knew there would be no possible chance for them, if once they fell into their adversary's clutches.

They strained every nerve for a final effort, and, oh, joy! just ahead of them, the end of the trail, and the strong worm fence, that stood between the woods and civilization, came into view!

"One more brave tug!" panted Robert. "Courage, Edward and Jack! Hold fast, Adolph!"

And, with a wild, unsteady lurch, the boys gained the fence.

Robert and Edward threw themselves desperately over it, and lay motionless on the ground on the other side; and Jack, with his precious burden, had barely clambered to the topmost rail, when the she-bear thundered against the stout barrier, with a shock that made it rattle again!

The brute did not attempt to scale the fence; she stood for a moment, as if bothered, and then slowly wheeled about and trotted back on the trail.

"Safe, safe, at last!" cried Jack, as from his perch he witnessed this movement.

"Hurrah—hurrah!" screamed "Little Peekin." "Three cheers for the boys—three groans for the bear!"

As soon as the party recovered their wind they hurried home and told the story of their adventure, not forgetting to embellish the narrative, as much as possible, with touches from their fertile imaginations.

Next day, a large body of men from Erie, turned out and scoured the woods for the bear. The creature was easily found and speedily killed, and her family of cubs fell, by common consent, to Robert, Edward and "Little Peekin."

As for Jack, he was awarded the skin of the she-bear, and he had a tremendous overcoat made out of it, which kept him warm for many succeeding winters.

Shortly afterwards, when the boys returned to the woods to chop down and clean out the bee-tree Jack had discovered and marked on the eventful day of the adventure with the bear, "Little Peekin" said, slyly:

"Don't you wish, fellows, we could be chased again?"

Robert and Edward shuddered at the bare thought of such a dire possibility, but Jack said, stoutly:

"I'd just like that varmint to poke her nose in here now, I would!"

"But she can't," said "Little Peekin," "she's dead!"

"So much the better," laughed Jack.

And the boys fell merrily to work on the bee-tree, which Jack, by that time, had cut down and split open.

A PRETTY LITTLE ROMANCE.

Ten years ago a handsome young man passed through Monticello, Ky., and was noticed by a young girl sitting at the window of the most aristocratic house of the town. She fell in love with him at first sight. She was wealthy, culture, and beauty. He was poor, and was then on his way to seek fortune as a cattle herder in Texas. After many ups and downs, he found himself the owner of a silver mine in New Mexico. The girl bloomed into a rarely beautiful woman, with literary ability, and became a contributor to the *Apostolic Times*. She learned to be unconscious object of her fancy was, and they corresponded throughout the ten years. She never wrote a word of her personal attractions or family, nor did he speak of his good fortune. A few weeks ago he wrote her promising marriage, and soon followed his letter to her Kentucky home, where he met her for the first time. Recently they were married, and Miss Annie Berry, that was, learned on reaching Silver City, that her husband, R. B. Metcalf, was the greatest capitalist in New Mexico.

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PERMANENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

To the Holders of Centennial Stock and Citizens of Philadelphia:

In consequence of the unexpected decision of the Supreme Court, which largely reduces the subscription to the stock of the

PERMANENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION CO.

the Directors are obliged to make a further appeal to secure funds to place the Exhibition upon a self-supporting basis. But for this unexpected decision at Washington, there would have been no necessity, whatever of making any appeal to the citizens for further aid. But inasmuch as a large portion of the subscriptions to the Permanent Exhibition were in the Centennial stock, we are now obliged to appeal for additional subscriptions to make up the deficiency. This Exhibition is not a private enterprise, merely for the benefit of the stockholders, but is intended for the advantage and benefit of our city, State and country, especially for our city and State, and there ought not to be any doubt whatever as to its ultimate success. It will be calculated, from its great extent and varied attractions, to draw to our city hundreds and thousands of visitors from all parts of the country, who will have the finest opportunity they ever had of seeing collected together the various products of art and manufactures of our city and State, and of other States, besides curious and attractive exhibits from abroad, and almost every business interest of our city must be benefited by it.

We appeal, therefore, to the holders of Centennial Stock to come forward at once and subscribe their quota to the Permanent Exhibition, and thus let the whole country see that Pennsylvania not only can and will return to the farthing the money which the Government so reluctantly advanced and now requires shall be refunded, but that she can also maintain a PERMANENT exhibition which in point of extent, variety and attractive features, and magnificence of the temple in which it is held, is without a parallel in the world.

We therefore ask your assistance, either by transfer of stock of the Centennial Board of Finance or a subscription of money.

Those subscribing Centennial Stock have the option of taking sixteen single tickets of admission for each share of stock transferred, or stock of the International Exhibition Company, at the rate of twenty-five dollars per share, will be issued for the net amount realized.

In addition to the dividends that may be earned and declared, holders of stock of the International Exhibition Company will be entitled to a single ticket of admission annually for each ten dollars subscribed, or for an annual pass for each eight shares of stock.

Instead of stock, subscribers have the option of taking, for each twenty-five dollars, a transferable season ticket for 1877, which will entitle the holder, or one adult and two children each day.

In all cases of transfer of Centennial Stock the present owner can retain the memorial certificate of the Centennial Board of Finance.

Believing from the support already given us that we will be sustained in our endeavors to make the International Exhibition a grand success, we have determined to push forward complete arrangements for opening on May 10, 1877, but the measure of our success will depend to a great extent on the answer received to this appeal.

That the Directors may know at once just what they can depend on, those who are willing to transfer Centennial Stock for Centennial Stock are earnestly urged to notify either of the undersigned by letter or postal card, giving their address, and those wishing to transfer the same and receive Tickets of Admission to the Exhibition, can make the transfer and receive the tickets by calling at 921 WALNUT STREET from 9 to 4, or they will be furnished with blank transfers by notifying the Financial Agent. In all cases of transfer of Centennial Stock it will be necessary to

Return the Scrip Certificate of Centennial Board of Finance,

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E. A. ROLLINS, Treasurer,
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For Wigs, Invisible Lace.	Toupees and Scalps.
No. 1. The head of the head.	No 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No 3. Over the crown of the head.
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THE FASHIONS.

The Spring costumes follow the example of the flowers and each day finds some new blossom either of one or the other. It is hard to recall a time when a finer sense of the artistic in both design and detail of dress has been evinced. Except here and there fashion of drawing back the front widths is carried to such an extreme as to impede locomotion, and this is only done by the stiff and simply-hooped, the clinging robes are very graceful, and upon fine figures have a classical effect. In many of the late French suits the underskirts are *demi-traine* and are quite plain, being without the addition of a fold. These it may be remarked, however, are of heavy silk. In some instances there is not even an overskirt or peinoire, simply a cuirass or postillion basque. One of these, called

LA DUCHESSE,

was very attractive. It was intended for a tall, finely formed person, however a small, dumpy figure would look insignificant in it. The material was very heavy black *gros grain* silk, thickly corded. The train was border-ed by deep and broad with a knife pleated ruffle or flounce, to keep it out in a fan shape. Taper pleats at the train down the side seams held back the front and first side widths. A facing was run on the back widths up as high as half the depth, and these widths were disposed in a large double box pleat, held in place by straps placed at intervals across underneath. The fine, rich surface of the heavy silk was unbroken by trimming of any kind. The bottom was finished with a double cording of silk.

The basque had long postillion tabs in the back seams from the centre of the shoulder seam. The postillion tabs were lined and corded with silk and had a row of darkly tinted pearl buttons down the centre of each with a corresponding row of simulated but button-holes done in silk cut bias.

The sleeves were laid in narrow upturned pleats from the wrist to within six inches of the shoulder, where a double puff cut bias was placed. The cuff of the basque, we neglected to say, closed diagonally from left to right, having a double row of the same tinted buttons used on the tabs. The neck was finished by a straight collar, moderately high and turned over in front with what are termed tricker pointe.

Small pockets adorn the sides of the front skirts of the basque, being placed just back of quite across the line known as the arm seye. A very handsome jaconet, suitable to wear with plain but elegant costume was shown in a suit of rainbow plaided gauze, the stripes being cream and brown, very delicately shaped, one into the other. This pattern was called

THE LEMORE.

being cut rather long, quite round at the bottom, being the same depth back, sides and front. It had a double cording all around the edge of the two little flat cream and brown, above which was a full ruching of satin and fallle in the two colors, about two and a half inches in width. This ruching was quite winged in its way, and extended around the neck, below a collar and reversed pale brown faille. The front was closed by being hooked together. The ruching also extended for eight inches up the central seam of the back.

Pockets formed of alternate blases of cream and brown faille, pointed at the bottom and ornamented there by two fancy buttons of cream and brown silk, while the basque had had a row of the ruching were placed on each side, far back and moderately low down. The sleeves were half loose, having a plain cuff of the two shades of silk and the wrist held on the outer seam with two buttons, and ornamented on the upper edge with a ruching of silk.

While on the subject of Paletots we cannot omit the description of a very elegant one of black silk, called

LA FAVORITA.

The back had the three central seams, the two side ones commencing in the shoulder seams, which give so slender and stylish an effect to the figure. The back was also cut very long, the ends of the two middle pieces coming down lower than the side pieces and forming a square tab. The edge of this tab, and indeed the entire edge of the paletot was nicely and handsomely bound by a row of fine silk passementerie, in points—the points turned away from the bottom. Below this passementerie was a slightly shirred frill of fine black lace. The side skirts of the paletot came down in deep points almost to the edge of the skirt below a deep, square pockets edged all around with lace and having a bow of ribbon in the centre were placed in the centre of these pointed side pieces and quite far back and low down also.

A large bow of very wide faille sash ribbon was placed on the long tab of the back within low down and interspersed with shirred lace. The fronts of the paletot were overlapping as far as the belt line, when they commenced gradually to slope away towards the hips. Passementerie and lace trimmed the edges. A turned-over collar bordered with passementerie finished the neck, and at the meeting of the two revers composing the front of it a bow with ends and loops was placed. The sleeves were half loose, having quite an elaborate disposition of lace and passementerie about the lower part, an edge of the latter going around the bottom of it then below a full of lace shirred. Above a double pointed cuff, reaching to the outer seam of the elbow, was outlined by passementerie and lace.

There are many plain paletots to cannot exceed cloth of either silk or cream and brown tints. These are quite popular for young people and have only machine stitching in two or three rows around the edge and linked pearl buttons in lieu of other trimming.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Low necked cuirasse waists frenchwondered all over in jet and edged with a fringe of the same are quite fashionable abroad for evening or dinner wear.

Evening hats and bonnets are almost covered with flowers.

Bracelet lines down the back of gloves are among the fancies.

Gauze ribbons with edges in bright India colors and raised silk or satin figures, are shown.

A dim material for trimming bonnets and hats, having silver-like rows of silk gauze and thick stripes of silk is shown. Blue and yellow are favorite combinations of different shades of yellow and cream.

Black lisle veils are dotted with fine specks of straw.

Intense flesh-tinted and pale blue hose are admitted by fashionable belles.

Dress loopers are now among the indispensables of a lady's toilette.

Low necked robes are much worn with evening costumes.

Instead of wrapping a scarf or veil with little ends over top of the head crossing it at the back of the neck and bringing it down to the front, although popular not to a certain degree becoming, is less conspicuous for a lady's street toilette.

White bracelets are worn.

Sun umbrellas are small this season.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Nettie H., Ala.—We know of several recipes for bleaching the hair, but cannot conscientiously recommend any to you. Better let yourself be as your Creator made you. We have prized the turquoise sets according to your request, they vary from $10 to $20.

Mrs. Legrand K.—Benatte will take out grease or paint stains. Ether is almost if not quite as good. It however affects some persons seriously to inhale its fumes any length of time, even in the air.

NIXON.

ONE LITTLE WORD.

BY F. W.

Sweet are the early violets
That crown the meadows green;
Sweet are the golden buttercups
And lilies by the stream;
But sweeter far the sunny smile,
The roguish glance of thine,
My heart is filled with hope that thrills,
And love I can't define.

To live forever in its light
Of eyes so soft and shine,
Oh, that thy voice so gently sweet,
Would say my love's for you.
I only ask one little word
To bind my fears apart.
'Twill brighter make the darkest day,
Drive sorrow from my heart.

NOT AT ALL ROMANTIC.

BY ANNABELLE BARKER WHITE.

I had been called "wife" but two short, sweet weeks, when "my darling" came into the room where I was singing as merrily, if not as musically, as a mocking-bird. I glanced up with that bright smile peculiar to brides of a few months only, as he sat down by my side and took the light sewing from my willing fingers.

"Blanche," said he, his usually merry voice now very grave, "I have bad news for you."

My heart leaped into my throat as I leaned faintly against his broad shoulder, and I could only falter

"What is it?"

"Our friend, Mr. Lee, is dead."

"Dead!" I could only repeat, for we had visited him but a day or two ago and found him in unusual health and spirits.

"Yes, dead, Blanche, suddenly this morning, at two o'clock. I came immediately home on hearing it, for I thought you would wish to go and remain with Mrs. Lee till after the funeral. Shall you go, dear?"

"Certainly I will go," and wiping away the tear that had surprised me, I began to make a hasty toilet. For these were very dear friends of ours, and we mourned for Mr. Lee as for a father.

It was only seven miles to their beautiful place, and we were soon there, for we did not feel like stopping to eat, and the ride was one of the loveliest roads in all that lovely country.

The yellow jessamine, clambering among the trees, hung out its golden, fragrant cups daintily and temptingly; the dog-wood spread wide its snowy cruciform blossoms, and the sweet breath of the wild honey suckle filled and intoxicated us with its perfume. But all these sweets were unheeded to-day as "Ilderim" struck into a sweeping trot and did not once belie his name-sake in speed.

We found a sad household. Numerous friends and relatives filled the house and attempted consolation to the young widow and two little girls. The latter clung to me with sobs shaking their delicate frames. I succeeded in quieting them after a time and they sank into a sadly needed slumber. Mrs. Lee had walked her room for hours, refusing all company. The night passed slowly and sadly, as such nights always do. The next afternoon we laid him "with his fathers," and left him in peaceful home of the dead to enter once more on our various duties and pleasures—to some of us at least had come thoughts of that other life, and we had been led to the world chastened in mind and heart.

Our plantation was but a mile from the Lee homestead, although our home was newer, and I was standing on the piazza with the little girls and their sorrowing mother, Howard came up to us.

"Blanche," said he, "Ilderim" was so lame this morning I sent him to the plantation, thinking to get Charlie, but the stupid darkey has just returned empty-handed. Do you think you could walk? It's only a mile, and the road is beautifully shaded."

"Oh, let us walk by all means," I cried, as Mrs. Lee proffered us a horse, which I gayly declined. "It is delightful walking these April evenings." So I donned my hat and gayly set forth.

But alas! for woman's endurance. My boast of being able to walk the distance with ease was soon proven to be a painful untruth, for with a girl's vanity I persisted in wearing No. 1's when I should have worn a size larger of shoes. My shoes this day were delicately-gotten-up morocco, as having never been worn before. All my fair readers who have ever been unwise enough to wear such shoes know how miserably tight they can become when worn on a gravelly road on which the sun has been shining for hours, as both it and April sun ever shone. True the road was "beautifully shaded," for Howard who was two feet taller than I, and who did not mind the sun glinting harshly thro' the trees on our feet, but to me it was a painful, humiliating walk, for by the time we reached the plantation my feet were so much swollen I was fain to remove the offending morocco.

Not a house was to be seen. Howard called up some of his hands, scolded them soundly for not having our trap in readiness, then left half a dozen off in search of "Charlie." All loudly protested that they had "never got no sich colahs from Mass How'd," and Howard came back to me.

"Blanche," said he, "Charlie is sitting down, turned Ilderim in at the gate and never came near the others to tell them what I said, so we will have to wait as patiently as we can, or get some kind of quadruped to carry us home."

"Only don't let it be a mule," I pleaded, as I chafed my suffering feet. He laughed as he replied by the name of Blanche St. Clare, with blustered vanities——

I turned my eyes reproachfully on him, and doubt not should have said a word, but Howard, "good darkey" had not just then come soberly trotting up with Jim behind him.

"Put him to the buggy, Jim. Jim obeyed, and we were chatting and laughing as merrily as if we had not been "bereaved" but a few days ago, when Howard drawing his purple and gold curtains ere sinking into his fiery, gleaming bed.

We had slowly proceeded about a mile, when Jim "hoed" began to stumble. Howard applied his whip and tongue in a manner truly characteristic of a man.

"Oh, don't," I cried, clapping my hands. I never had the temerity to catch the reins from a man's powerful digits as poor Charlie began to swear from side to side. Howard stopped the horse and sprang out. "Blanche, take the lines and I'll lead him awhile. At this rate Charlie will soon be able to compete with Dexter," said Howard grimly, as he led the horse ahead. But it did not last long, for Charlie waved dangerously from side to side, and I trembled for Howard's safety. Suddenly he commanded me to spring out of Charlie's reach as, cursing and foaming like a drunken man, and rising up on the buggy seat I heavily jumped far out, landing gracefully on a bank of wild flowers. I hid my face in my hands and sighed a moan. I felt the cruel tears on my shoeless feet—for I had been unable to get on my shoes, and they now daintily reposed under the buggy seat. It was drink by this time, but I could see Howard as he rapidly tore off the harness from the suffering animal, who seemed relieved at once as the collar slipped off.

"He was choked, Blanche, and is now so weak, it would be impossible to drive him home to-night."

"What shall we do?" I murmured, despairingly.

"Why," answered he, "there's a quarter over there, building to a glimmering light a mile away, "where I can get a mule and return here for you, or you can walk there with me. In that case I shall have to return for the buggy. Will you go or stay?"

"Stay? Never!" I cried with the air of a Siddons—at least it would have been with such an air if it hadn't been too dark to see it—and I heroically rose to my feet and descended from my throne, which was truly a tottering one and one of thorns. "I hailed" Howard panting by the road-side.

"He will be all right by morning," observed Howard as we moved off—painfully on my side, for the pebbles cruelly cut into my feet, which were now covered only with torn stockings, but I would not utter a groan, for pride was strong.

"You limp dreadfully, Blanche. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I stoically replied.

I never traveled such a long mile in my life before or since, but like all earthly things it came to an end. A red, flickering light gleamed from an open doorway, framing the ebon form and face of "Aunt Lethe."

"Good Lo'd!" exclaimed she, "ef 'taint Mass How'd an' Miss Blanche!"

"No one else, Auntie, and I want Blanche to stay here till I can get a mule and return with our buggy."

Whereupon he related our thrilling (?) adventure, and Aunt Lethe's face glowed like a newly-polished stove as she bade me enter her cabin "and take a chere." I heeded not the proffered seat, but, oh! of woolly-pated, ebony-hued faces gazed in open-mouthed wonder at my disreputable pedal appendages. There was a subdued titter from a cotton white lass a boulder of rags with a pair of black eyes peering therefrom.

"You Jake, h'aint you got no manners?" the exhortation being accompanied with a sinart slap, and some shaking. Whereat the laughter turned to a dolorous wailing.

The weary moments dragged on, and my ears were strained to catch the sound of the galloping wheels on the hilly road, but two hours passed ere they came. My heart was filled with thanksgiving as I stepped into the buggy. Being thoroughly exhausted and sleepy, I almost refused to make a pillow of Howard's arm, but fear of the treacherous animal drawing our vehicle forbade my yielding to Somnus' soft entreaties, and I trustingly leaned.

"Is he safe?" Howard readily understood my incoherent question and encouragingly (?) replied——

"As safe as any mule."

The night was dark as pitch, and our progress was correspondingly slow, but as we had not passed our honeymoon, it was not an unpleasant ride till we entered the "piney-woods," where the joltings we received sternly prohibited further love-making, as I held on the buggy with one hand and unconsciously clutched at Howard with the other.

The climax came at last. I was precipitated suddenly through the aerial element and hurriedly sealed on a most uncomfortable trunk.

A loud "Whoa!" awoke the echoes of the silent woods, and Howard was bending tenderly over me.

"Are you hurt?" he anxiously inquired as he assisted me to gain an upright and less degrading posture.

"No—no," I answered, for I was so stunned I could not reply with accuracy to his query. We clambered into the buggy again and jogged along still more slowly.

At last the graceful proportions of our beautiful home gleamed whitely thro' the trees.

"Home, sweet home!" Never had I realized the full meaning of the words till then. I sprang from the house, groped about for the astral lamp and lit it. Then I sank into a luxurious arm-chair, murmuring——

"This is Heaven!" as I glanced around our pretty room with its bright carpet and tasteful furniture.

Howard entered.

"Blanche, I am famished."

"Ring the bell, please," I said, curling myself up yet more comfortably. He rang once, twice, and thrice. No answer to the summons, although the clamor of the bell was enough to make the Seven Sleepers turn over in their ancient bed. Evidently Mary was a sounder sleeper than they. Howard angrily left the room, but soon returned with the startling tidings——

"Mary's gone!" gasped in sepulchral tones.

"Gone!" I echoed dreamily, for the full import of those dreadful words did not burst on all at once on my sleepy faculties.

"Dear, don't you think you could find something for me to eat?" he gently urged.

"Certainly, darling." Taking up the lamp, he again went out, I obediently following.

But I stepped back aghast. The kitchen and pantry doors were wide open, and boxes, shelves, and barrels, but too palpably rifled of all that ever warmed the heart, and—and appetite of man.

"What shall we do?" At sound of his dismayed voice, I replied in such stentorian accents that Somnus fled affrighted.

"Do? Why, get supper!" Howard stared.

"Make up a fire in the stove," I said, as I hastily rolled up my sleeves, the my heart quaked within me. "Find the train I have in my life, and I will knew Howard was as efficient in the culinary line, as the Maltese kitten we had left asleep on the ring for our return.

"The train is boiling. Blanche, what do you do with it?"

"Make coffee," I replied, as I moulded the biscuit.

"Coffee," he helplessly inquired.

"Look in the pantry. Perhaps Mary left enough."

Presently, he said doubtfully——

"There's about a teaspoonful. Is that enough?"

"Plenty," I confidently replied. So he poured about a quart of boiling water to it, and set it on the stove.

"Where's Joe?"

"Good gracious! *He's gone!*" Howard cried, dropping the shovel.

Well, don't be profane." I comforted him.

That supper (?) was done at last, and we felt as Benjamin must have felt when he partook of his famous mountain road, as we sat down to the cosy round table.

"Don't these biscuits taste a little—just a little peculiar to you?" exclaimed Howard, with a wry face.

"I haven't tasted them yet," I replied, as I poured into the delicate china cups "Arabys squarking beverage," which in this case certainly looked like very, very weak lye. I took a biscuit, broke it open and——tasted.

"Dear, dear, I forgot the soda!" I exclaimed dismayed. Howard grimly smiled as he forced a piece of the sour, sodden mass into his mouth and inquired——

"Have some of this ham. It's very rare." I revoked from it in shuddering disgust.

Finally our feast (?) came to an end. I locked the doors and fled from the accusing soiled dishes, fully realizing I should have to wash them when morning came.

The clock struck eleven as we entered our room. We had been eight hours travelling seven miles, and getting supper. Truly do we live in the days of electricity and all other *fast* articles.

When, at least I—had been locked in slumber for perhaps an hour, when a groan from Howard woke me.

"Those *horrible* biscuits!" he moaned.

"What is it?" I cried alarmed.

"I have the——cramp," he dolorously replied. To work I went and gave him every remedy I had ever heard or read of. After two hours' most painful and considerable groaning on his part, he at last sank again to sleep.

Old Sol was peering thro' the blinds and winking right wickedly, when I woke next morning.

Howard went off for a more experienced cook than I, and the delicious breakfast we ate that day will ever live in memory. A series of the preceding evening and night, but I do not think either of us will ever forget them.

MRS. PATCH'S PETER COOPER.

BY KERRY PATCH.

When Mrs. Patch was presented with a young Spitz dog she was delighted. She thought it the loveliest dog she had ever seen. She praised its eyes, its feet, its teeth, its shaggy coat, and she even saw beauty in the graceful manner in which it wagged its little tail.

That wonderful dog was washed, dried, and its hair combed and curled three times a day. The choicest pieces of meat were always reserved for it. The cream was carefully skimmed for its milk every morning for Spitz. The softest feather pillow was converted into a cushion for the dog, and in fact, Mrs. Patch neglected her three-months-old baby to attend to the new darling.

After the dog had been in the house three days, Mrs. Patch remembered that she must bestow it with a name. She had youthful days Mrs. Patch had possessed the love of a young man by the name of Rudolphe, but alas! Rudolphe sickened and died, and left Mrs. Patch (or at least so said he) to a gentleman whose Christian name was Peter—plain Peter with a Patch at the end of it. Still, however, Mrs. Patch never forgot Rudolphe, and as her husband had refused to allow the baby to be called Rudolphe, she determined that the dog should be compelled to wag his tail, as he answered to and fondly cherished name.

Unfortunately for the memory of the departed Rudolphe, the dog that was to bear his name, the next day, while lying on the pavement of the butcher next door, dipped beneath a jack upon which a painter was at work, happened to have a pot of green paint spilled all over his back. With a howl he fled for home, and with a bound and a yelp he darted into the kitchen and hid under the lounge.

"I wonder what ails that dog?" said Mrs. Patch, addressing her conversation partly to herself and partly to her husband, who was at that moment endeavoring to remove some stubborn stubble from off his chin with an old rusty razor.

"I'm can tied to his tail," growled that worthy gentleman, as the razor slipped and cut a gash in his chin.

Mrs. Patch pulled the lounge away, and seeing the green paint all over the dog's back, she exclaimed:

"Why just look at Rudolphe's back!"

"Well, what ails his back?" was her husband's gruff reply.

"All green! Greenback—a dog with a greenback. Why it must be Peter Cooper" (surprised by the sense, groped about for the astral lamp and lit it. Then I sank into a luxurious arm-chair, murmuring

"Peter Cooper!" Mrs. Patch did not hear the husband's remark.

Anybody who has ever kept a dog knows what trouble an ill-behaved dog is capable of plunging a family into. How the dog is continually worrying the neighbors' children—how they especially if those children happen to be boys—are continually worrying the dog. How disagreeable it is to be compelled to keep a servant girl for perhaps but eighteen times a day to release that dog's tail of broken flower pots, tin cans and kite bobs. How vexatious it is to have the neighbors' washing-day always a day when you what "your nasty little dog"—as they call him—has been stealing. Then how your faith in the honesty of all dogs is liable to be shaken when while you have been indignantly denying that your dog ever steals anything, that very dog has gone into the cellar and stolen the beefsteak, you put away so carefully for supper.

When Peter Cooper began to make himself sociable in that neighborhood, Mrs. Patch ordered all those who had a dog to be well would ring and on going to the door an angry woman would exclaim, "Mrs. Patch, if you don't keep your Peter Cooper at home I'll break every bone in his body." Mrs. Patch would go the angry woman before Mrs. Patch could ask an explanation. With a sorrowful heart she would chase the door and return to her household duties, only to be interrupted in a few moments to hear that Peter Cooper had been guilty of the awful crime of stealing a fish head out of the next door neighbor's scrap-pail. Next Peter Cooper would be chasing somebody's pet cat, or making faces at somebody's children. In fact, Peter Cooper would be getting into all kinds of scrapes, and being a Spitz dog, Peter Cooper was the terror of the neighborhood. Peter, Peter. Alas! how have the mighty fallen!

The other day the butcher of the housewives of that neighborhood accompanied by their children called on Mrs. Patch. As the latter lady ushered them into the parlor she had not been long ere she heard a storm was about to break over Peter Cooper's devoted head. After a painful silence of a few moments one of the number arose and commenced reading from a number of newspaper clippings, various hydrophobia cases which had resulted from the bite of a Spitz dog. Then folding up the clippings she returned them to her pocket and glancing around the room she solemnly uttered, "Mrs. Patch, we have unanimously resolved that Peter Cooper must die."

"Must die!" echoed Mrs. Patch. "Has he bitten anybody?"

"No, but he chased my cat, and I know the cat will go mad," was the solemn reply.

"Yes, and he had my little girl's rag-baby in his mouth this morning, and maybe the baby will go mad," quickly exclaimed another.

"Yes, and your nasty old dog comes and sits down on the steps where my children play," fiercely exclaimed a sharp-featured woman.

"Does that hurt the steps?" quietly asked Mrs. Patch.

"Yes, the steps might——" and then she suddenly paused.

"Might get the hydrophobia and jump up and bite the children, I suppose?" quietly uttered Mrs. Patch.

"Madam, I didn't come here to be insulted," gasped the sharp-featured woman.

"And if you don't kill that dog, I'll burn somebody's barn down," and then she sat down so suddenly that the chair broke and landed her upon the floor.

When Mr. Patch returned home that evening, he found his wife in tears.

"Well, what's the matter now?" he rudely asked.

"Peter Cooper," she sobbed.

"Why, what ails him? Has he another greenback?" he laughed.

"No."

"Well, what ails him?"

"We'll have to kill him!"

"Phew! we will. Well, I'm agreeable. Fetch him out and I'll kill him."

Between pure sobs she managed to tell him of the visit of the neighbors, and how they had pronounced Peter Cooper's death sentence. He listened quietly and then said:

"Didn't you say the butcher on the corner asked you for that dog some time ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll give him the dog."

That night, with a rope around his neck, Peter Cooper was transported from the home of the Patches to the shop of the butcher. No earthly power availed against Peter Cooper the next day, but yesterday, just as Mr. Patch was about to start to the store, the bell rang and he went to the door to hear from a neighbor who lived around the corner, that Peter Cooper had chased her cat that morning.

"Why, I couldn't be Peter Cooper," he laughed, "for didn't Peter Cooper to the butcher day before yesterday, and no doubt he is converted into sausages by this time."

"And I bought sausages there this morning," shrieked the woman.

"Farewell, madam, farewell. Those sausages will be the death of you," and then as the woman darted off the step and around the corner, he slammed the door to and laid down in the hall and laughed until he grew black in the face.

CHINESE FINGER-NAILS.

The custom of wearing long finger-nails obtains among the aristocracy of parts of China and Siam. The disfigurement is intended to add to the importance of the individual, as it is evident that the wearer cannot do any work, and must therefore be a person of elegant leisure, backed by a fortune corresponding to the length of his nails. The Chinese Emperor usually finally has nails four or five inches in length. The thumbnail has a characteristic shape, and that of the first finger is cut short to enable the person to pick up small objects. Without this slight alteration the hands would be nearly useless. Nails of a still greater enormity may be seen; they are said to be the extraordinary length of nearly thirteen inches, and in this instance the nail of the first finger is not entirely cut off.

What a visionary thing is the independence of youth! How full of projects which take the shape of certainties! How much rugged and stern experience it requires to convince the young and the eager that the affairs of an individual, unaided by connection or circumstance, are the true reading of the allegory of Denaides! Industry and skill, alas! how often are they but water drawn with labor into a bucket full of holes.

SCIENTIFIC.

CASTOR-OIL is such a simple, harmless medicine, that it is much to be regretted that it should be so unpleasant to take. The *Paris Medical* gives the following as a perfect mixture for disguising the nauseous flavor: Ten grains of gum arabic triturate with two drachms and a half of water; upon this pour very slowly, drop by drop, half an ounce of castor-oil, stirring constantly the pestle. When the mixture is complete, add about three drachms of water, an ounce of syrup, and a few drops of laurel-water. In this manner a white emulsion is obtained, in which the taste of castor-oil is quite masked and replaced by the perfume of the laurel-water.

A new indicator for the velocity of railway trains is thus described. The inventors, utilizing the momentum of the railway carriages. Within a case of clock-work is fixed, which causes a very horizontal plate to rotate in twelve hours. On the plate a disc of paper is held by a spring, the border being divided into hours and minutes. The point of a pencil which is attached to two springs and a parallelogram, plays on a paper. Caoutchouc buffers below the box communicate the swinging of the carriage to the pendulum, so that the pencil makes a zig-zag line round the paper. On removing the paper the rate of the train may be calculated. When the train is at rest the pencil of course merely draws an arc of a circle.

AN AMERICAN writes. "The marvellous success which has attended my treatment of scarlet fever by sulphur induces me to let my brethren of the know of my plan, so that they may be able to apply the same remedy without delay. The cases in which I used it were very well marked, and the epidermis came off in each case came away like the skin of a snake. The following was the exact treatment followed in each case: Thoroughly wash the arms in a wire drawer, the substance being first cast in a mould formed by a sort of slit in the hedgine, and then drawn out as long as required. The mechanism is exceedingly curious. A considerable number of the bivalves possess what is called a byssus, that is, a bundle of less delicate filaments, issuing from the base of the foot, and by means of which the animal fixes itself to foreign bodies. It employs the foot to guide the filaments to the proper place and glue them there, and it can reproduce them when cut away. The external foot is attached by means of its adhesive quality to some stone and this done, the gland, receiving, draws out the thread through the perforation of the extensible member. The material was gathered and washed in soap and water, dried straightened, and carded—1 lb. of filament yielding about 2 ozs. of fine thread, which, when made into a web, is of burnished golden brown color. A large manufactory for this material exists in Palermo.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No rejected articles will be returned to writers unless the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles to insure safety, as we cannot be responsible for their safe keeping. If requested to hold them in case of rejection, we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS. is forwarded.

E. S. (Easton, Ala.)—Argus was one of the mythological heroes of antiquity, said to have a hundred eyes, of which two only slept in succession.

D. O. (Cooperstown, Tenn.)—It would take probably much more than three years' study before you could become a lawyer of note. Hard study and perseverence will, however, work wonders.

CECIL (Fulton, Wis.)—The shepherds of Egypt had a singular manner of dressing eggs without the aid of fire. They placed them in a sling, which they turned so rapidly that the friction of the air heated them to the exact point required.

H. J. W. (Garden City, N. Y.)—The rhymes about "The Months of the Year" and "My Love" are too long for publication. The last verse of the latter piece has the misfortune to remind the reader of the Agitator, that "between the sublime and the ridiculous there is but a step."

E. W. (Fryburgh, Pa.)—Without answering E. W's question of law—whether a man can marry a second wife if his mother—we will appeal to his own conscience as to the thoughts he must have of the laws of morality. We decline to give the advice he considers by any further discussion on this matter.

S. W. D., (Los Angeles, Cal.)—It is a mere truism that "memory is treacherous," but very few accept it as true. What says Horace—

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who secure within himself, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst! for I have lived to-day.

CONSTANT READER. (Peoria, Ill.)—We still maintain that it is very imprudent for a gentleman to be left alone for any time with himself, as in a few years hence when the infatuation that prompted him to take the lady as a wife is worn off, he will be wearied of the society of ladies younger than himself, and thereby cause misery to those dependent on his family circle. There are of course exceptions to every case, but the reply to your inquiry can only be answered by your own discretion, which should guide you to a decorous mode of conduct as will be expected of you from a gentleman. And again, if it be a gentleman he will not require to be told that a kiss otherwise than as a gentleman should do.

JOB. (Troy, N. Y.)—A poor Job indeed, such to be pitied, and a poor husband should produce ill-feels. The sin of the wife can never excuse that of the husband, nor vice versa. The children are illegitimate to the tombstone, unless it tour Christian name only, will render it of course illegal. All J. can do now is to consult a good lawyer, and make a deed for the property secured by children. As no law proceedings were taken, the wife would claim and get her due share, in case of death, as children's guardian. I have no claim if J. died intestate. For the tombstone do as we suggest—that would be right. The story bears out what we have taken every opportunity of impressing on the minds of our readers, that all preparation that we may be sure our sacred sins will find us out, that we may not be "snared by a kiss on birth, or an injury to an innocent child, and that to the injury all our sorrow is vain and empty.

A LEGAL GENTLEMAN, (Evansville, Ind.)—One of the most fruitful causes of litigation that have arisen since the days of Solomon was decided on the principle that when a certain property was so tied up that when the possessor died it passed intact to his eldest son at the time being, but to the collateral relatives of the original heir, should he die before the original inheritance fell to him. But it so happened that the father and the eldest son died at the same time, or were hanged together, in fact, at the same gallows, for the same offence. The second son and the next of the first son each claimed the estate, the latter was paralyzed, and there seemed to be a fair prospect of the law's delays robbing all parties of the money. But at last five creditable witnesses came forward who swore that they were present at the execution, and distinctly saw the young man remained perfectly motionless. So the former son was held to have survived his father, and the property passed to the elder brother.

G. T., (Rutland, Vt.)—We are constantly in the receipt of letters whose writers want to be told how they can make a fortune by doing what they are willing to do to earn a living, the writers usually omit to state that they are willing to work—that they like to work—to that absolute drudgery without which nothing of any account can ever be achieved by anybody. And work must be done as work and the worker must not be ashamed to have it understood that it is work and that he is doing it because he has to do it in order to get on in life. We are in favor of an honest living on false pretenses. Unless one's head and hands are in the work it is not apt to be successfully done, nor will he grow among and prosperous in doing it. The man who believes in luck, and expects to be found to be known as one who earns his living, if he is also intelligent, is not a man to succeed. It is the man who is almost sure to earn it and to get on in the world, and who is sure to find he can rest from his toil and enjoy the fruits of his industry and thrift.

JOHN, (Lancaster, Mass.), who is poor, and yet loves as fervently as though he were rich, is much troubled by the hard times. He asks "Do you think it would be right for a couple who love one another devotedly, but who are poor, to marry in hopes that misfortunes might happen besides." It would certainly be safe for a person to marry a wife with a load of life not to marry. The gist in the difficulty is in making it for good and all. Love cannot sarily cost double to support a wedded pair. The rule ought to work the other way. A real, living, genuine affection is apt enough to live on less than it cost them to live singly. But the trouble is that they are much apt to be vain and foolish to act sensible, and so they sacrifice comfort to show. A quite masked married couple who would resolutely set to work to live for themselves and not for their acquaintances, who would be contented only with a small income and constantly save something besides, for real sensible people, who care more for substance than show, and who are willing to make present sacrifices for their future good the time never too long and too many.

MIRIAM, Olimpia, Wash. Ter.)—The moon has no clouds nor any other indications of an atmosphere. Hence its climate must be very extraordinary, changing at one moment from long sunshine, uninterrupted for a whole fortnight, to the most violent storms of rain, and exceeding in intensity our arctic winters for the same space of time. Sir John Herschel says that "one of the most striking of the materials of the moon and the comparatively feeble gravitating power of its mass, is that muscular force would there enable a person as far in overcoming the weight of materials as on earth." That is, that a man would be six times stronger if he were in the moon than he is now that he stands on the surface. Some of our old school lessons we have had to unlearn. One was that a ball thrown with force could be perceived in the moon. Astronomers of the first order tell us that the dusky spots which are seen on the moon, if viewed closely examined, present appearances not to be reconciled with the existence of air or water. Nothing having the character of seas can be traced. Hence we are led to believe that the want of air there can be no form of life in the moon like those we have existing around us. Telescopes have been improved, and more we shall be able to settle the question if there be inhabitants there.

UN PAUVRE GARCON (Worcester, Mass.)—1. Yes, it approved of. 2. Ventriloquism is not a natural gift. 3. It is said to consist in employing the vocal organs of the throat in articulation after a full breath, instead of those of the mouth. 4. They say that a person who has attained to a knowledge of his deficiencies is a long way on the road to cure them. If so, your case seems hopeful. The only hints we are able to offer are that during the day you should as much as possible cultivate the virtue of silence, and at the close of each day you should seriously consider if you have acted according to your own notions of right. Shrewd and experienced observers may form some notion of the characters and peculiarities of persons by an inspection of their features. But such notions often shallow and superficial. A good judge must have time or facts given him before he can form a fair estimate of character. 5. We do not know. 6. There is an ultra-sentimentalism as well as an inconsequence about the verses which in our estimation render them objectionable. 7. Consult a physician. Your poverty need be no bar. All physicians give advice gratis to those who cannot afford to pay, provided the patients present themselves at a proper time, which time can be found out by application to the physician's servant.